The Sketch

No. 2534—Vol. CXCV. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1941. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

"WREN" OF THE "W.R.N.S." PICTURE.

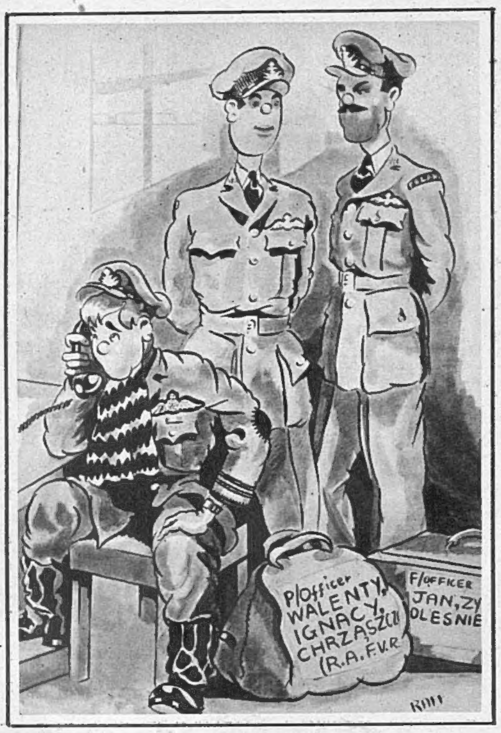
LEADING "WREN" IRIS GREGORY *was selected to represent the typical girl of the Women's branch of the Senior Service on the poster used in their recruiting drive. She was also chosen to act in the short film "W.R.N.S.", made by the Ministry of Information in co-operation with the Admiralty, which is due for release on November 7. Cecil Beaton, who took this photograph, advised in the production of the picture, which was directed by Ivan Moffatt, with music by Richard Addinsell.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

The Old Feud. If the pen is mightier than the sword, that is because you can do lots of things with a pen which you cannot do with a sword. You can dip a pen in gall and copperas, or other poisons—a practice discountenanced by swordsmen, except cads like Laertes. You can give constant, secret, inflammatory jabs with a nib in all the parts where it hurts most, until it produces septicæmia, or "death by the thousand cuts." And, of course, you can do far better things than jabbing with a pen, for you can (if you know how) create with it permanent and noble possessions of mankind. None of these things can you do with a sword, which is, indeed, now little more than a picturesque survival. Why, we said good-bye to it in 1914, when we left it at the Base as an absurd encumbrance! We have turned our swords not, perhaps, into ploughshares, but into razor-blades. Very well—the pen has won this long and bitter contest; but, having beaten the sword, can it beat the tank and the radio? I wish I were more confident of its power to do that. I just don't know, and I 'm not betting.



"Well, Sir, for convenience sake, couldn't we call them Flanagan and Allen?"

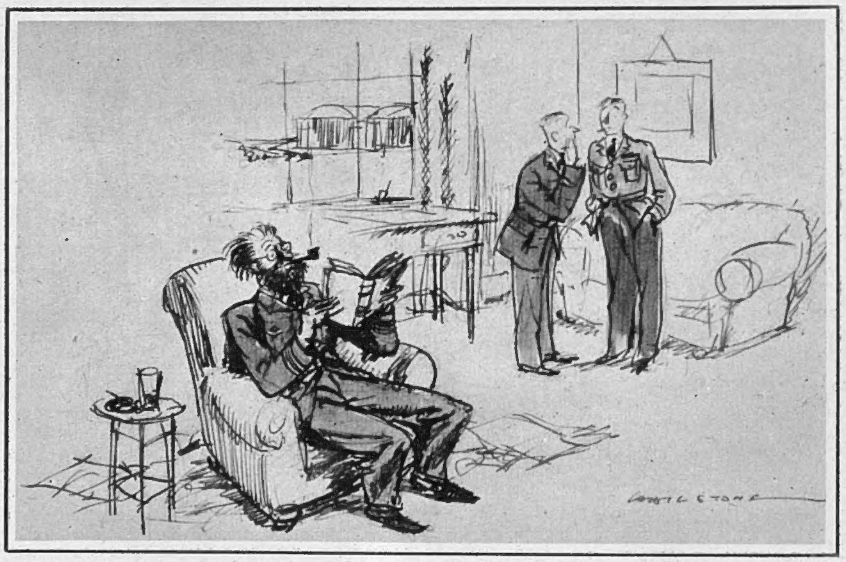
DRAWN BY RAFF.

Escape. However that may be, there has been a good deal of agitation lately about the claims of pen and printing-press as national necessities in time of war, whether they be regarded as munitions or as "staples" of nourishment. I am concerned with them only as staples, and I am convinced that they are as necessary to the health of the nation as this alphabet of vitamins that we hear so much about. There is one thing your machines, whether radio or gramophone or movie, can never do for you; they may "take you out of yourself" for a brief interlude, but they cannot, like a book, give you a quiet, sustained sojourn in the world of imagination, where you can wander at will, make friends with the inhabitants, and sit in the shade and enjoy the scenery. Call this "escape," if you will; I prefer to regard it as a healthy function of a normal human being. There is something wrong with a person who cannot "lose himself" in a story. That precious faculty of childhood we should cling to all our lives as a sanctum where nobody else may intrude.

Of Making Books. Hitler (whom I cannot imagine "losing himself" in any human tale) has proudly announced that the British book trade is one of his victims of lightning-war. It is true that not long ago he was allowed, through negligence in high places, to make a magnificent bonfire of some five million books, the spawn of the corrupted democratic British mind. It is odd, however, that this defunct trade exported books to the value of four million pounds during 1940. It is also odd that there are, according to reliable statistics, about 250 million books in circulation in this country (or about 27 per reader per annum), and that the readers registered at public libraries, and the number of books issued, constantly increase. It is remarkable to learn that between September 1939 and February 1941 no fewer than 196,000 volumes of one popular series alone survived all the perils of the Atlantic and spread all over the United States. If there are no books to sell, it is queer that 86 new bookshops were officially recognised by the trade in 1940. It looks, Mein Führer, as if the pen were a match not only for the sword, but for the bomb—a fact with which you may have to reckon one of these days, for the pen will be not the least of your judges.

"The Red Tape Bug." War generally brings its own epidemics, and when the doctors congratulate us on our good record up to the present time, they forget one disease which no war-stricken community has yet escaped. It has been called by somebody "the Red Tape Bug." It is virulent, ubiquitous, and exceedingly difficult to treat. We are all suffering from it in some degree or other, and we all see round about us many painful examples of its ravages. The other day (it is reported) a shareholder in an American corporation received from the Bank of England, in respect of the same holding, 18 letters, identical in every detail, in 18 new, foolscap envelopes, together with 37 copies of a form to be filled in. The postage cost 3s. 9d., and the total amount of high-quality paper used weighed three-quarters of a pound. An honest and, indeed, an enthusiastic taxpayer, who pointed out to his local Inland Revenue office that a small amount of interest had been overlooked in his assessment, has recently stated that he received six demand notes, in six foolscap envelopes, all accompanied by "explanatory" memoranda (oh, those masterpieces of illumination!) in respect of the same trifling supplement.

A Merry Old Soul. The insatiable Red Tape Bug has become one of the most devastating industrial diseases (though not scheduled in any Act) of the coal-mining industry. We have been told in the House of Commons that coal-merchants have received different kinds of the multitudinous N.S. Forms (they are all N.S., which in academic days I seem to remember as meaning "*non satis*," or, roughly, the equivalent of N.B.G.) from three separate authorities under the Ministry of Mines—the Director-General of the House Coal Distribution Emergency Scheme—an awe-inspiring Pooh-Bah of whom no coal-merchant had ever heard before—a Divisional Coal Officer, and a Local Fuel Overseer. It is, of course, a heartening example of the thing called "organisation" that a commodity like coal—or fruit-juice, or knitting-wool, or shellac, or nutmegs, or, indeed, any article of merchandise—should have a Director-General, a Divisional Officer and a Local Overseer, but one would admire it more if it resulted in somebody being able to get a little coal. Some Overseers, it is stated, handle about 150 to 200 tons of fuel weekly, and their staff and "organisation" cost 2s. 6d. to 3s. per ton, not to mention mountains of paper, time and patience. However, men, and especially officials, must live.



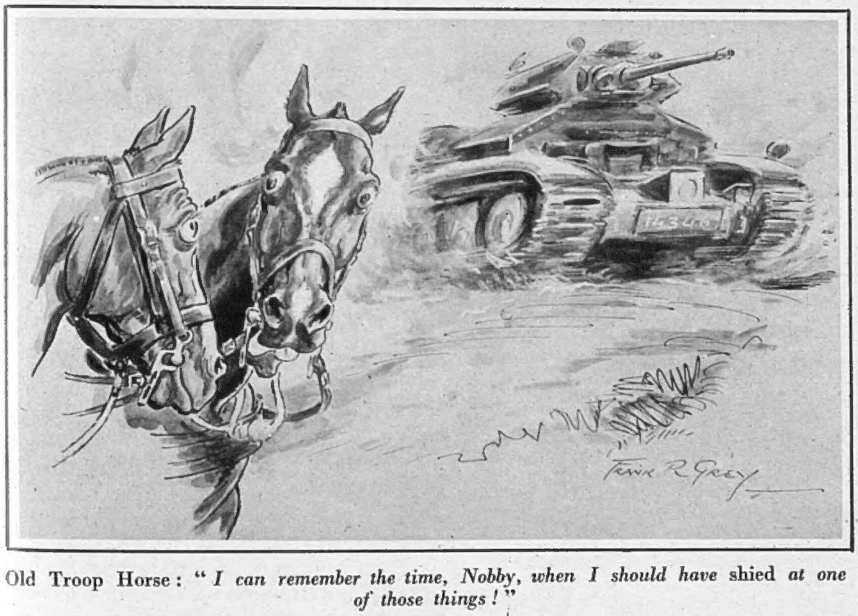
"Well, it's either the Intelligence Officer trying to look arty or the Official Artist trying to look intelligent!"

DRAWN BY HAILSTONE.

A Matter of Temperature. The depredations of the Red Tape Bug among the Fighting Forces are notorious. Many years ago, in a minor conflict (we called it Great !) then raging, an Orderly Room Sergeant of mine, while in hospital, had the indiscretion to bite a clinical thermometer in half—a thing which might happen to any of us in a moment of pardonable irritation. When he returned to his unit, he received a demand for 11¾d. for replacement. He could not very well say, as we usually said in such cases, that the thermometer had been "destroyed by shell-fire," but, being an expert in Fabian tactics, he took up the challenge with spirit, aided and abetted, I regret to say, by his superior officer. (The Armistice had then broken out, and a deplorable levity had undermined our respect for Returns and Army Forms.) The correspondence went on from December to February, when, in the interests of science, we measured the file and found it to be nine inches thick. It had then reached the point when both the Sergeant and I were threatened with Court-Martial; unfortunately for discipline, we both escaped encirclement by being demobilised. I expect they are still looking for us at the War Office, and I have no doubt that the file about that missing 11¾d. is still mounting up nicely.

Big Ben and Little Ben. To judge by a story which I heard the other day, the military Red Tape Bug has not changed much in 22 years. A certain officer was in charge of a department, Somewhere in England, with a staff of 70. He indented for, and was supplied with, 70 Desks, Writing; Pots, Ink; Chairs, Windsor; Holders, Pen; Baskets, Paper, Waste; and so forth—including Clock, Winding, Service, Mark A, One. The clock, with a fine, open face twelve inches in diameter, and a mechanism never more than half an hour fast or slow—that is, when it was going at all—was the pride of the office. Some time later, the establishment was reduced, and personnel shrank to 29. The officer soon received a letter from Up Above, couched in severe terms, and pointing out that as his establishment was under 30, he was entitled only to a clock, Mark B, with a face of diameter not more than 9 inches. He was required to return the 12-incher immediately, and it was grudgingly conceded that a Mark B clock would be issued to him "as supplies became available." He has been waiting six months for the Mark B clock, and, being of a buoyant disposition, has not yet given up hope.

Inoperable. The cream of the jest is that at the very moment that the Red Tape Bug is devouring tons of paper, with an appetite which "comes in eating," an S O S is sent out by the Government for vast quantities of paper for munitions. A purge of the files of a few official departments would supply enough waste-paper for munitions for the next fifty years. However, I suppose it is not really much use complaining of the ravages of the Red Tape Bug or the tyranny of the Buff Form. They are extraordinarily insidious, habit-forming things. Everybody, when he takes up an official job, rails at them and swears that he will renounce them—and everybody succumbs to them. The System—that granite colossus—is too strong! We have ourselves to blame: we *would* learn to read and write, and look what it has done to us!



Old Troop Horse: *"I can remember the time, Nobby, when I should have shied at one of those things!"*

DRAWN BY FRANK R. GREY.

Framps. Some of the complaints about paper profligacy have fastened querulously on the Government "pep" posters. I should have thought that there were worse forms of waste; but a Government notoriously cannot please everybody, and it is lucky if it pleases anybody. We have all become acquainted with a particularly Bright Young Thing on railway stations who invites her sex to come into the A.T.S. and become little rays of sunshine like herself. Now, she has always struck me as a definitely attractive young woman, without that degree of Oomph which would offend my somewhat conservative taste. I will not say that she is a girl after my own heart, but I am sure she is a girl after somebody's own heart, and it seems to me a little hard on her that she and her inventor are being attacked because she is "too glamorous." It is true that all members of the A.T.S. are not likely to achieve the same degree of glamour, but is there any harm in their hoping? If every Amazon cannot be a Glamour Girl, at least she can be a Framp—which, as you doubtless know, is a happy medium between a Frump and a Vamp.

The Mould of Form. Have you ordered your Utility Suit yet? It will make a nice Christmas present for Father, and its great advantage as a Yuletide gift is that one does not have to wear it oneself. You will be able to get a very nice range in gents.' winter suitings for 59s. 11d., or, if you are anxious to impress, you can go as high as 108s. 11d., and give the girls a treat. Don't be puzzled by the elevenpences; it is stated that experts "have worked out a special system of price control at every stage," under the guidance of "a former mathematics schoolmaster." Will anybody now dare to say that Arithmetic and Algebra are not worth while, whatever agonies they may cost their victims? The material is guaranteed to stand ordinary strains and stresses, excluding allotment work and stirrup-pump practices. Nothing is said about fit, but an ample provision of tucks and gussets makes the garment easily adaptable to any figure. As for pattern, it will be, apparently, the simple yet dignified design of the Broad Arrow; at all events, we are told that "these suits will be marked with the Government stamp." Which leads one to ask—why pay 59s. 11d., when you can get a Utility Suit for nothing by simply going up to a policeman and socking him on the jaw? Plans for further series, to be known as Futility Suits and Beautility Suits, are well advanced.

"Petersons have sent in their bill for the fifth time. Really, some people have no idea of the value of paper!"

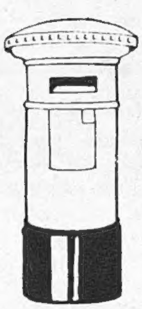
DRAWN BY SILENUS.

The Jam War. But while things are moving in the garment world, the jam situation is distinctly sticky. I always wondered whether the Women's Institutes, powerful though they doubtless are, would be able to put it over on the jam trade, which, I dare say, is also powerful and which naturally has its proper pride. It is all very well for the giddy girls of the village to make tons of jam, with real fruit and pips and all sorts of unheard-of luxuries in it, but what is the use of it if the shops won't sell it? And it seems that the shops are being awkward, because the manufacturers are hurt in their dignity, and there's a Jam War on. All the succulent Institute jam is stacked up in Parish Halls, quietly but firmly deteriorating, until the battle of the Jam Kings *v.* the Jam Queens has been waged and won. Meanwhile, the children are crying for jam. Revolutions have occurred for lesser causes than these. On, Woolton, on!

Lay on, Macduff,
And jammed be he who first cries "Hold, enough!"

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT.—Yesterday there was a loud rat-a-tat-tat at the front door, and I rushed downstairs thinking it was a telegram. It wasn't a telegram, but a large, heavy, exciting-looking parcel.

"Here you are," said the Postman, beaming like Father Christmas, "one-and-a-penny to pay."

"My goodness!" I said. "How exciting! What do you think it is?"

"Something good, by the look of it," said the Postman.

I carried the parcel into the kitchen, and Evensong and I turned it over, shook it, smelt it, pressed it and examined the labels.

"'Sultanas!'" "'Marmalade!'"

"Funny-looking stamps, aren't they?" said Evensong.

"They're Australian stamps. Look, that's a lyre-bird. Isn't it pretty?"

"How do you know it's a lyre-bird?" said Evensong, who doubts my intelligence.

"I used to live in Australia once."

"Well, I never!" said Evensong, staring at me.

Inside the wrappings was a sealed tin. Evensong, who wields a pretty tin-opener, soon dealt with that. Inside the tin were packages.

"Sugar!" said Evensong, with a glad shout.

"Sultanas!"

"Marmalade!"

"Tea!"——"Tongue!"——"Asparagus tips!"——"Cheese!"

"Butter-scotch!" "Oh, Evensong! A little tin of honey!"

Evensong and I stared at each other in silence across the kitchen-table. "I shall make Plum Duff for dinner to-night," said Evensong, in a dreamy voice.

After Evensong had extracted a generous portion of sultanas and sugar, we arranged the packages on a tray, which I carried about with me from room to room. When Faith rang up later I told her what had happened, and the news spread like wildfire. By seven o'clock quite a lot of people had been in to feast their eyes, and Evensong began to be nervous, and said she thought we ought to keep it all under lock and key.

"Anything happened?" said Charles, as he hung his hat up in the hall.

"Cornucopia has happened, Charles."

"What do you mean?"

I held up the tray which I was carrying into the drawing-room for the evening. Charles, his eyes bulging out of his head, approached on tiptoe and touched each package with his finger, as though he doubted its reality. "Where did they come from?" he whispered.

"Australia. Here's the card. It isn't anybody we know."

Charles looked at me with a new respect. "Somebody must have read one of your mouldy little stories," he said in an astonished voice.

We had Plum Duff for dinner, real Plum Duff, as only an unhampered Evensong can make it, thick with sultanas, and sweet. Afterwards Charles called for the last half-decanter of port. After he had poured out a glass for himself and for me, he stood up.

"I feel I cannot allow this occasion to pass without proposing a toast," he said, in his best public-dinner manner. "I ask you to drink to the Commonwealth of Australia, and to our Benefactress who lives there, and who must assuredly be one of the kindest people in the world."

"The Commonwealth of Australia, and our Benefactress!" I said, and we drained our glasses to the dregs.

Obadiah, our seagull, is dead. Never again will he come each morning to perch on the wall outside the kitchen window and raise his voice in raucous demand for food. No more will he peck angrily at the glass when he feels he has been kept waiting long enough, and walk up and down in the rain, one flat, cold foot put down carefully exactly in front of the other. We called him Obadiah because, when he first registered with us for bacon-rinds, Charles and I were reading "Barchester Towers," and something in his unscrupulous manner and silent, sidling walk reminded us of that extraordinary cleric, Obadiah Slope.

"'Where did they come from?' he whispered."

We miss Obadiah very much. His manner, like Perry's, was autocratic and overbearing, his yellow eye cold and cruel, and he had an unpleasant habit, when screeching, of allowing one to see right down his throat to his tonsils. All the same, we miss him. Matins, who laboured under the delusion that he was fond of her, and certainly showed him more affection and consideration than she has ever afforded us, was heart-broken when a week passed and he failed to appear.

"He's dead," she said. "I know he's dead."

"He'll probably turn up again one day," we said, trying to comfort her.

"No," she said sadly. "If Oby was alive he'd be here. He never missed a day. I suppose he was getting old."

"What does happen to old seagulls?" I asked Charles afterwards.

"I believe the young ones peck them to death," said Charles.

"Oh, poor Obadiah!" I said. "Why is Nature so cruel?"

"Not so cruel as blowing people to bits with bombs when they aren't old" said Charles.

"Raised his voice in raucous demand for food."

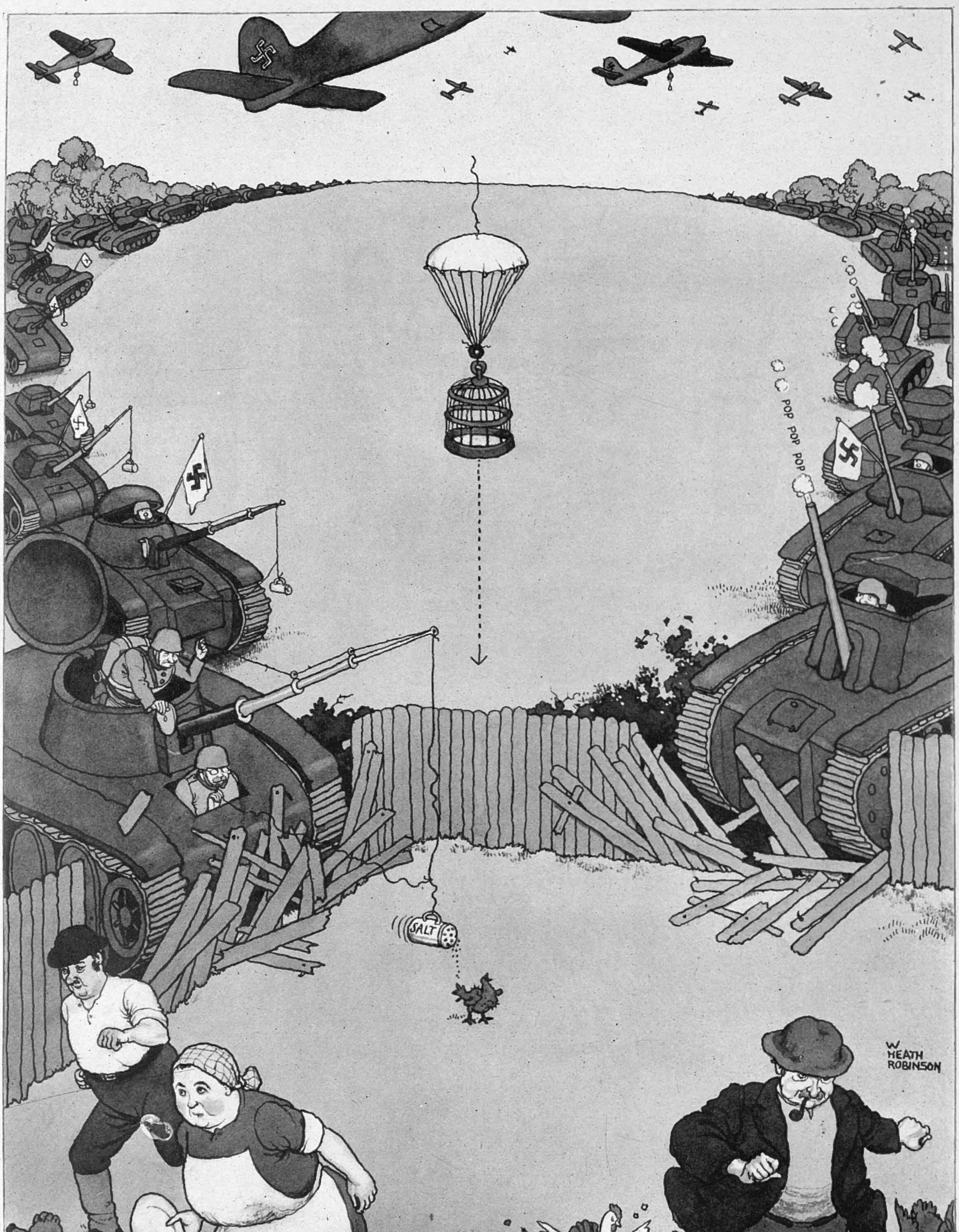
Now a new seagull has turned up for bacon-rinds.... He has a few brown feathers on his head, which show that he is a young bird. We call him Obadiah Two. Perhaps Obadiah One left us to him in his will.

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"LUMME, JACK! TALK ABOUT MARLINE-SPIKES!"

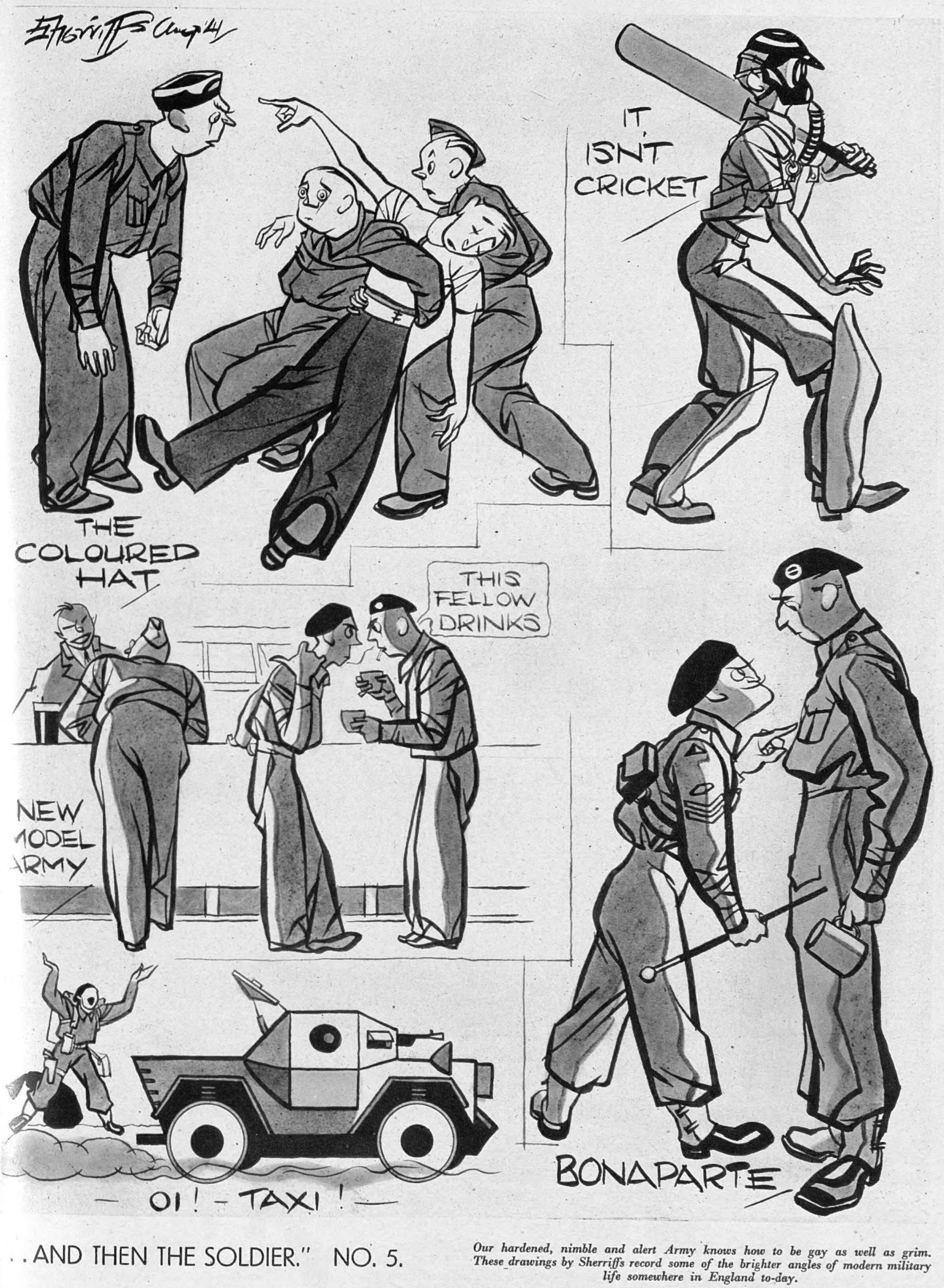
DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



FOUL TACTICS!

W. Heath Robinson reports an example of enemy tactics, and reveals the secret of the capture of a boiling fowl by means of a skilfully executed pincer movement strongly supported by fighter aircraft.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

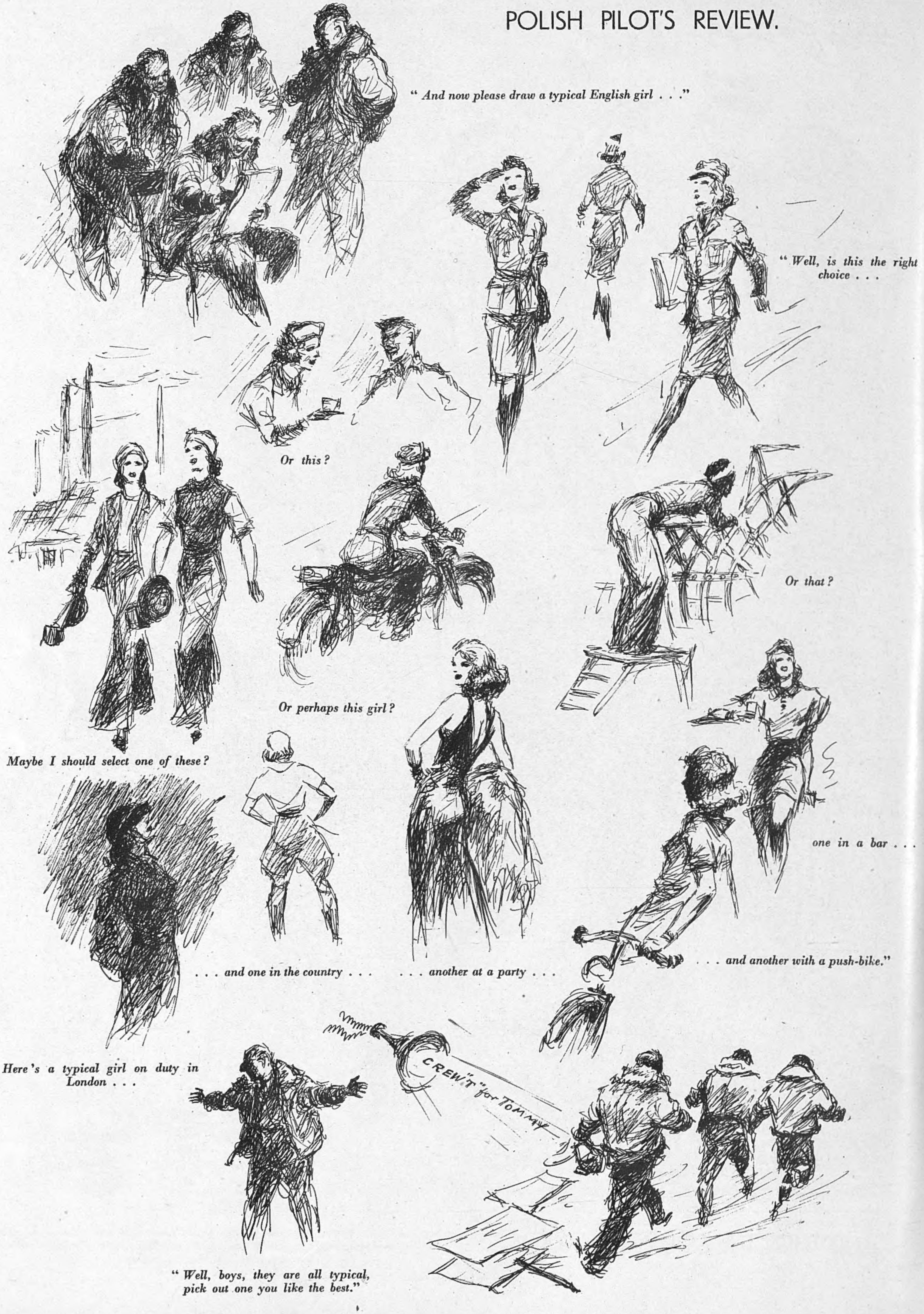


"...AND THEN THE SOLDIER." NO. 5.

Our hardened, nimble and alert Army knows how to be gay as well as grim. These drawings by Sherriffs record some of the brighter angles of modern military life somewhere in England to-day.

CARICATURES BY SHERRIFFS.

POLISH PILOT'S REVIEW.



DRAWN BY THE POLISH ARTIST, ARTHUR HOROWICZ.

"THE MERRY WIDOW" CANTEEN WORKER.

LILY ELSIE *had London at her feet in 1907, when she appeared at Daly's as* Sonia *in Franz Lehar's Viennese musical comedy "The Merry Widow"; and her name is always associated with the rôle. This is what she looks like to-day, slender, decorative and youthful. Miss Elsie retired from the stage on her marriage to Ian Bullough in 1911, but returned in 1915, and was last seen at Daly's in 1929 in a revival of "The Truth Game." She is now living in the country, and works hard at a W.V.S. canteen near Windsor. This portrait-study was made when she was staying with Miss Olga Lynn.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

WITH due respect to its stars, Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland and Brian Aherne, I would say that "SKYLARK" (Plaza) owes its chief success to Walter Abel. Come to think of it, a lot of films have owed a lot of their success to Walter Abel. Again and again this clever stage-actor has appeared in character parts that covered weaknesses of plot and lack of distinction in the principal players. That odd, snub-nosed face of his, that dry, humorous manner, has saved many bad films and enhanced many good ones. "Hold Back the Dawn," released a couple of weeks back, was one of the good ones. I should like to have a pound for every person who has asked me the name of the man who played the American Customs officer in that picture. That was, of course, Mr. Abel, and a very nice job he made of it, too.

In "Skylark" he plays what the old dramas would describe as Charles, a friend. Only Charles is named George, and he is, in the intervals of friendship, a drunk. Now, drunks can be as much bores on the screen as they are in real life, but Mr. Abel's drunk is never a bore. He manages to convey, even in his cups, a sense of bewildered loyalty, a conflict between his futile little person and a responsibility that is too big for him. He has the faint wistfulness of a clown, put over with an apparent naïveté that can only be learnt through years of professional cunning. In a piece that is obviously written for actors, Mr. Abel, in my opinion, gives the clearest justification of the term.

"Skylark" was the comedy in which Gertrude Lawrence appeared with such success in the New York theatre. Claudette Colbert has the Lawrence rôle on the screen. She appears as one Lydia Kenyon, who discovers on her fifth wedding anniversary that her husband (Ray Milland), a big advertising man, isn't *in* love with her any more; merely loves her.

This subtle deterioration is proved by the fact that Tony Kenyon deputes his friend George (Mr. Abel) to buy his Lydia's anniversary bracelet. Worse still, the mammoth album of snapshots and love-letters that Lydia has prepared for him goes quite unnoticed. Although it is almost the size of an advertiser's 48-sheet, handsomely bound, and weighing about a ton, if we know anything of such gewgaws, it is simply tossed aside until soft music on the sound-track unmistakably draws attention to it. Tony, it seems, is entirely wrapped up in the advertising account of Vantine's Dog Food. Experienced picturegoers will spot at once that the Kenyon marriage is all set for Reno. It is just a matter of time and the Other Man.

Betsy Booth (JUDY GARLAND), *making jealous investigations into the past, finds Jennitt has been married and divorced, and this completely disillusions Andy. The result being that he returns home and follows in his father's footsteps in a law career.*

The Other Man turns up almost at once in the person of Jim Blake, lawyer (Brian Aherne). Jim is a whimsical fellow, who says things like "Whither thou goest, pal, thither me." He also wants to see Miss Colbert sitting on a star. Only the very ingenuous could suppose that such a man, a charmer who admits that he is no good at all without his bottle, could ever hold the sterling Lydia Kenyon. For a time it looks as though a Blake-Kenyon marriage would follow the Kenyon-Kenyon divorce, but an acute attack of sea-sickness on the Blake yacht shows Lydia where her heart lies. No matter what you or I would do under such circumstances, the non-material Lydia simply cries out for Tony. Jim Blake, surprised, as well he might be, by such devotion, sets the yacht's course for shore and domesticity. "The world is outside there," he tells her, tenderly, reproachfully, "and you 're trading it all in for an apron and a vacuum cleaner." You will be relieved to hear that the ex-Mrs. Kenyon catches up with her husband, now *in* love with her, just as he is setting off for South America, to apply his experience of advertising to the problems of hemisphere defence.

Walter Abel may steal the honours of "Skylark," but Brian Donlevy, another distinguished picture-pincher, has a poor time of it in "THE GREAT MAN'S LADY" (Carlton). Mr. Donlevy, as usual, plays a tough guy of the pioneer West—a gambler, a sharper, but with a heart like a gold nugget. Befriending the heroine, but never winning her love, he seems a little vague, a trifle lost, in the intricacies of the vast panorama. "The Great Man's Lady" is one of those flash-back affairs, and it is some flash, I may tell you, with Barbara Stanwyck beginning the film as an old lady of 109, surely an all-time high in movie heroines.

"Life Begins for Andy Hardy" (Empire) stars MICKEY ROONEY *as before. Andy has now a month to spend in New York while he makes his decision between going to college and a business career. He meets Jennitt Hicks* (PATRICIA DANE), *a pretty secretary, who takes a liking to him; when he is down to his last nickel she finds him a job, and he falls for her. He faces tragedy when a penniless boy dies in his room, and Andy borrows on his new car to pay the funeral expenses.*

The story opens with the unveiling of a monument to one Ethan Hoyt, founder and benefactor of a mid-West city. Our centenarian, our Stanwyck, the Great Man's mysterious Lady, is terse with newspaper reporters, but is prevailed upon to tell Ethan's story, and her own, to a sympathetic girl biographer. Once upon a time, in 1848, she lost her heart to Ethan Hoyt (Joel McCrea), a young visionary. They married, and set off together to the West to build the city of his dreams. And so the old lady's recollections ramble on: how she saved her husband's property from the gambler (Mr. Donlevy), who later became her firm friend; how the friendship led to jealousy, and Ethan left her; how her babies were drowned in a flood, and Ethan, presuming her dead too, married again; how she came back into his life to help him when his now-thriving town was in danger; how he died in her house, honoured and respected.

"The Great Man's Lady" has the traditional appeal of sentimental devotion, a broad pioneer canvas, and strong individual sequences, but the flash-back technique gives it a restless and episodic quality. I have no great love for the flash-back story myself, and am disturbed to see the hold it is gaining on picture producers. It seems to me that the thing is just a habit, and often an unnecessary and rather tiresome habit. Is there any earthly reason, in the present case, for starting at the end and going back to the beginning? Would the Great Man's biography be any the less effective if it followed normal chronology and were played straight?

The time has come, in "LIFE BEGINS FOR ANDY HARDY," when the good Judge has to warn his son against the pitfalls of life in the big city, and touch on a man's need to keep himself pure for the unknown woman who will some day be the mother of his children. This is the trickiest man-to-man talk that the series has ever indulged in, and although it is delicately done, may suggest to some that the Hardy chronicles are getting into rather uncomfortably deep water.

At all events, I was relieved myself when the end of "Life Begins for Andy Hardy" brought Andy safely back to Carvel and the honest bosom of his family. I never have cared for the interludes in which young Master Rooney scampered about amongst débutantes and sirens, putting on mannish airs and squaring shoulders already sufficiently padded. The present film describes Andy's adventures as an office-boy in New York, and his education at the hands of a married charmer. Tragedy brushes his life with the death of his room-mate, and gives him a chance for one of those emotional scenes in which he has excelled since childhood. Since the good Judge cannot be always on hand to support and

admonish, little Judy Garland is the helper in the background. Sometimes I wonder what in the world the studio would do without Miss Garland, who is always there to combine innocence with womanly wisdom, whether in speech or song.

I should be interested to hear the reactions of one of our American Eagles to "INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON" (Warner). I may be

"GOLDEN EGGS" *(Odeon, Leicester Square) is one of the best of a splendid new batch of Walt Disneys just over. Donald Duck, having seen an inspiring notice, "Dollars for eggs," makes his way to the hen-house, where he finds production in full flow.* THE ROOSTER, *however, feeling that he has a proprietary interest in the eggs, contrives to keep Donald, who has already half-filled a big basket, off the pearly harvest.*

Poor thwarted DONALD DUCK, *with fear in his heart and a tear in his eye, looks round for a means of camouflage. He pulls down an agitated rubber glove over his head, fastens a feather duster to his tail, and in this glamorous guise sidles off to vamp the angry cockerel.*

quite wrong, but to me the film seems the oddest kind of oddity. It celebrates the exploits of an American ace pilot (Ronald Reagan), who flies a bomber to England, joins the R.A.F., breaks major and minor rules with a fine impartiality, and finally dies the death of a hero. I shall not enlarge on the comment of a lady in the story, who observes to the bumptious hero, "You 're no good." The late James Stephenson, who was a fine actor of nervous, restrained types, plays the Squadron Leader, Cliff Edwards provides laconic American comedy as the hero's mechanic, and Olympe Bradna, with her long hair hanging rebelliously over her shoulders, is one Jeanette, a strange, very strange, French W.A.A.F.

Ronald Colman's screen appearances are so infrequent these days that every one he makes must be something of an occasion. This week he turns up in "MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE" (London Pavilion and Marble Arch Pavilion), a diaphanous comedy of a too-impressionable blonde and the wise, whimsical husband, who knows so very well how to pull her affairs out of tangle.

Tony (Ronald Colman) is a rich, hard-working publisher, who adores, though not blindly, his curly-headed, butterfly Caroline (Anna Lee). Quite early in the story, finding his wife enthralled with a South American rancher, he turns to the audience and assures them that he knows just how to handle the situation. What is happening now with the rancher, he points out, has all happened already with a sculptor (Reginald Gardiner). He still has the bust, modelled in brass and labelled "The Essential Caroline," as a memento of the occasion. And so he proceeds to relate the emotional vagaries of his life with Caroline ("Bless her little heart!").

The resulting film is suave but slim, its excess of talk neatly covered by Mr. Colman's smooth, persuasive performance. Miss Lee, the wife of Robert Stevenson, the director, makes her first big appearance in an American picture. Pretty, modest and sincere, she plays a Caroline who isn't exactly like a hundred other film heroines. I don't myself think that Miss Lee is a very great actress, but then, neither does she, which is a great point in her favour.

It is good news, politically timely and artistically satisfying, that the little Tatler Theatre in Charing Cross Road has reopened with a series of Russian programmes. The main feature of the opening bill is the vast Eisenstein subject, "ALEXANDER NEVSKY," shown just before the war by the Film Society. This big, rich film goes back to early Russian history for its subject. It is a battle-piece of the Middle Ages, when the Russian warriors of 1242 were fighting the Mongolians on the east and the Germans on the west for their very existence. The climax of the film is the German defeat on the ice-covered waters of Lake Peipus, to the ominous warning, "If anyone comes to us with the sword, he shall perish by the sword. On this the Russian land stands and will stand."

As a cinematic project this mediæval battlescape is superb, with its hurly-burly of knights and moujiks, its beleaguered, turnip-topped towers, its cracking ice, its bristling arsenals of pikes, maces, axes, boat-hooks, arrows. But no one in these days is likely to look at the film as a mere isolated account of an historic adventure. The director himself has left us with very little doubt of his intentions. In an article which he wrote for "International Literature" in February 1939, and which was quoted in the Film Society's programme of "Alexander Nevsky," he defines his purpose as follows:

"My subject is patriotism—the phrase was constantly before me and before our entire group, during the shots, during the sound-recordings and during the cutting.

". . . We have taken an historic episode from the thirteenth century, when the Teutonic and Livonian knights, the ancestors of the contemporary Fascists, undertook a systematic advance eastward in order to subjugate the Slavonic and other peoples, in precisely the same spirit as contemporary Fascist Germany is trying to do, with the same frenzied slogans and the same fanaticism. . . . The bloody terror which the invading orders of Knighthood sowed is scarcely distinguishable from present events in Europe. The theme of national defence . . . to prevent the imposition of the German yoke, which was more terrible than that of the Tartars. The Tartars were interested only in tribute, but the Germans, just like the Fascists to-day, sought to destroy the spirit of the people. We want our film not only to inspire those who are in the very thick of the fight against Fascism, but to bring spirit, courage and confidence to those quarters of the world where

After a wonderful apache dance between the two, with DONALD *ever advancing towards the eggs, and the Rooster ever warding him off, Don gets his basket and makes off with the enraged farmyard king in hot chase. Don makes his escape and slams the wire door, but as he rushes off he skids, and the fine basketful of eggs is reduced to a slithery swamp!*

Fascism seems as invincible as the order of knights appeared in the thirteenth century."

Stalin himself is supposed to have slapped the director on the back at the Moscow première of "Alexander Nevsky." "Sergei, you are a true Bolshevik!" he is reported to have said.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

A LONDON BALLOON BARRAGE CREW—*for getting such a good prize-winning crop from the seeds of American help.*

TROOPS in the desert can keep up a high standard of smartness, owing to the enterprise of a native tailor, who carries on his trade in a tent on the edge of a camp. He can mend a tear or run up a new suit of khaki drill as required.

THIS NATIVE TAILOR—*for keeping the troops smart, even in the desert.*

THE first prize in the London Balloon Barrage crews' national allotment competition was won with vegetables grown from seeds sent over by Mrs. Roosevelt and other Americans through the British War Relief Society of America.

DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL—*for saying that we should " Arm the women now."*

MISS ELLEN WILKINSON—*for telling us to face facts—and going red-headed for the hecklers.*

WHEN speaking at an " All-Aid-to-Russia " meeting in Trafalgar Square, MISS ELLEN WILKINSON was in top-hole form when she silenced some hecklers with replies as fiery as her hair. DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, who scored seven bulls in her first ten shots on the House of Commons' rifle range, says there should be a reserve of women who, if invasion comes, would be able to handle a rifle.

RADIO OPERATOR DOUGLAS S. FAIRLEY received the life-saving medal award for his astounding heroism in saving a fellow-seaman from drowning after he himself had had one of his legs broken and been burned in an explosion.

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD MLLE. " X " escaped from Occupied France and has offered to join up with the Free French Forces. Before getting away she helped students to raise the Union Jack and Tricolor on a cathedral tower, and in consequence had to dodge the Gestapo.

PERSONNEL of the WOMEN'S ROYAL NAVAL SERVICE serving abroad wear a particularly smart tropical kit, consisting of a white tailored frock and white-crowned cap and solar topee.

RADIO OPERATOR DOUGLAS S. FAIRLEY—*for his incredible heroism in life-saving when suffering from severe injuries.*

MLLE. " X "—*for raising the flags of Freedom in Occupied France before dodging the Gestapo and getting to England.*

THE DESIGNER OF THIS W.R.N.S. TROPICAL KIT—*for devising such a becoming uniform.*

A.T.S. girls are given skilled instruction in driving, car-maintenance and running repairs to fit them to take the wheel of staff cars, ambulances, lorries, and other transport. Here a Captain in the R.A.S.C. is giving volunteers instruction in the rule of the road with the aid of a model which looks like the loveliest toy ever invented. It is complete with roundabouts, pedestrian crossings, traffic lights, model policemen and an A.A. telephone-box.

Right: Driving a car is not all jam, for even the most careful chauffeur may have an accident. There's always "the other fool" on the road to be allowed for, and icy roads may prove treacherous. Hence an A.T.S. driver must be ready to repair any mishap. This class is concentrating on a demonstration of the best way to get a ditched vehicle on the road again.

HOW TO KEEP ON THE ROAD AND GET OUT OF THE DITCH.

HEIRLOOM GIFT, WEDDINGS, ROYAL AND DIPLOMATIC OCCASIONS.

The Shakespeare Folio, heirloom in the Gill family, presented by MAJOR E. W. B. GILL, *Domestic Bursar of Merton College, and* MRS. GILL *to the Library of Congress in Washington, was received at the Foreign Office by* MR. R. K. LAW, *Parliamentary Under-Secretary.*

The DUCHESS OF KENT *recently visited Red Cross Working Party centres in Bucks. She is seen at the Central Depôt, at the Residence of General and the Hon. Mrs. Lawson.*

The HON. ANNE YOUNGER, *daughter of Viscount Younger of Leckie, is engaged to* MR. GEOFFREY ALAN GAVIN, *6th Gurkha Rifles, son of Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Gavin.*

MISS MARGARITA BARRAN, *daughter of Sir John and the late Lady Barran, of Sawley Hall, Ripon, is engaged to Viscount Mountgarret, of Nidd Hall, Harrogate.*

The marriage of the HON. ANN FORBES-SEMPILL, W.R.N.S., *daughter of Lord Sempill, to* CAPTAIN ERIC HOLT, *the Manchester Regiment, took place at Brompton Oratory. Pipe-Major Forsyth piped the happy pair into the reception.*

MME. MAISKY, *wife of H.E. the Soviet Ambassador, spoke at the meeting arranged by the Women's Anglo-Soviet Committee at the Phœnix Theatre, when she received parcels for soldiers of the Red Army.*

THE REALM'S GREAT THREE.

THEIR MAJESTIES *the* KING *and* QUEEN *drove from Buckingham Palace to No. 10, Downing Street one day last week, to lunch with the* PRIME MINISTER *and Mrs. Winston Churchill. They went alone, without Equerry or Lady-in-Waiting, and though the visit had been kept secret, a crowd assembled in Whitehall and cheered them when they arrived. This admirable snapshot of the Sovereign, his Consort, and his Prime Minister, the three greatest people in the land to-day, shows Mr. Winston Churchill bowing over the King's hand as he and the Queen left No. 10.*

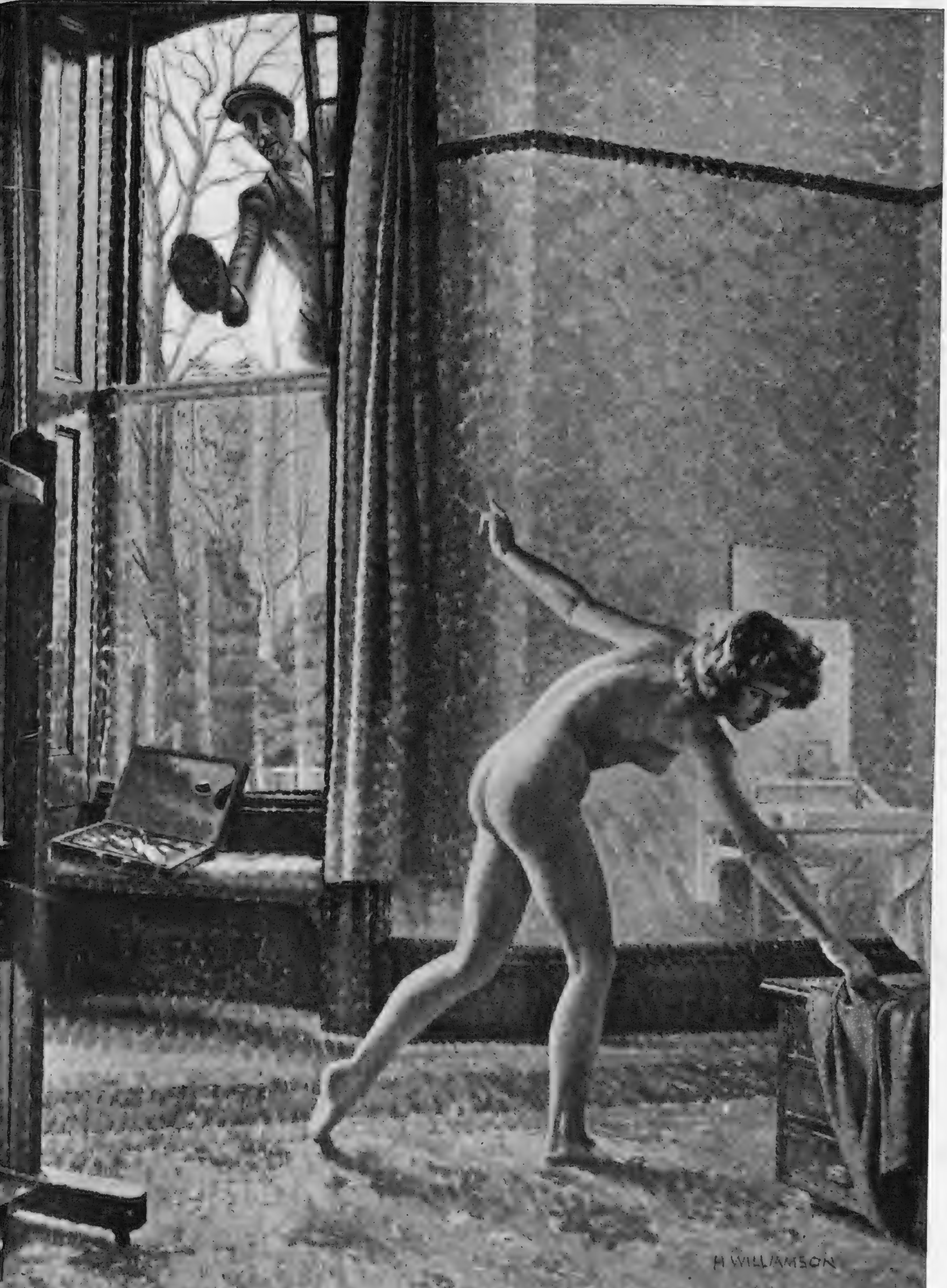
"HEAVENS! A MAN."

BY

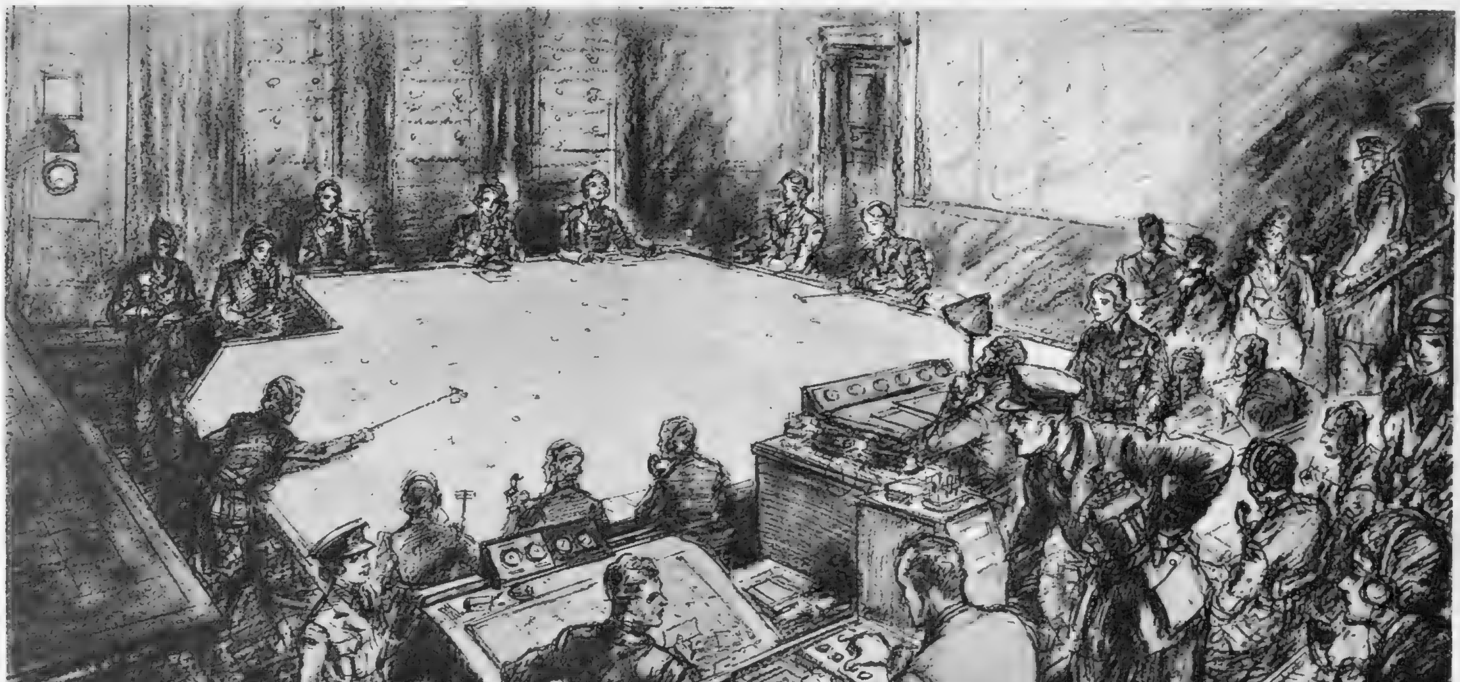
HAROLD WILLIAMSON.

The 92nd Exhibition of the New English Art Club has just opened at the Suffolk Street Galleries, and is a most attractive show. It is true that it offers neither sensations nor shocks, but it presents a series of pictures of contemporary life rendered in many instances with poetic realism. There are comparatively few war-pictures, some interesting portraits and a number of landscapes of outstanding beauty. The subject picture by Harold Williamson which we reproduce on these pages is a very successful composition, notable for the skilful lighting effect achieved by the large window space in the background.

FROM THE PICTURE BY HAROLD WILLIAMSON.
COPYRIGHT RESERVED FOR THE ARTIST OR OWNER.


H WILLIAMSON

This is the CONTROL-ROOM OF AN R.A.F. STATION AS PRESENTED IN THE FILM "INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON," *which was due to open at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on October 31. A test pilot is supposed to be flying a bomber over to England. A thick fog surrounds the landing-field, and the order from the Control Room, which has kept in touch with the pilot by wireless throughout his flight, has been sent out giving him instructions to "bale out," as landing would be too hazardous.*



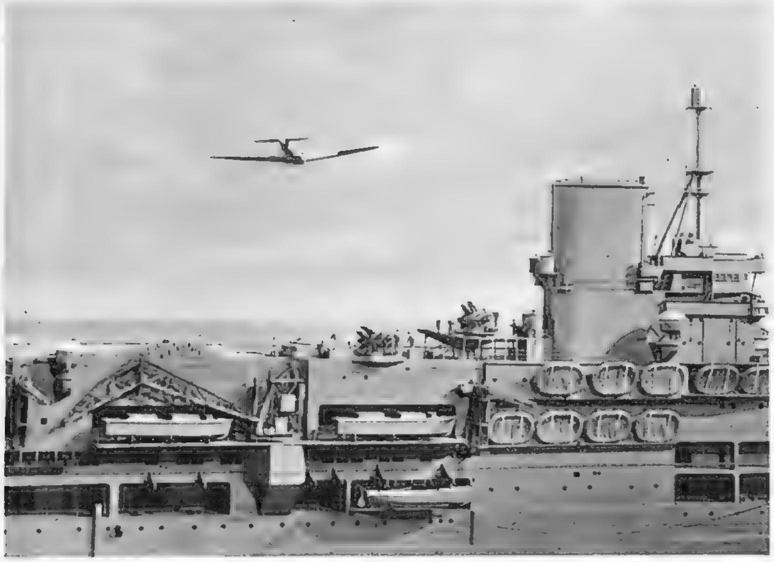
And here, for comparison, IS A DRAWING OF AN OPERATIONS CONTROL ROOM AT AN R.A.F. FIGHTER COMMAND *during a raid on a convoy. While fighters fly to the convoy's assistance, W.A.A.F. girls are moving counters and models of ships and other symbols with "croupiers' rakes," to record the information from various sources on the big gridded map. The Chief Controller receives reports direct from the fighter pilots in the air by radio telephony. The drawing, by Captain Bryan de Grineau, was reproduced in "The Illustrated London News" of August 17, 1940.*

R.A.F. CONTROL ROOM — FILM VERSION AND ARTIST'S VIEW.

"BEYOND ALL DEMUR . . .
ARRESTINGLY GOOD-LOOKING . . ."

This new portrait of MISS VIVIEN LEIGH, *of "G.W.T.W."—or "Gone with the Wind"—has just been completed by David Jagger, and is for her husband, Laurence Olivier. Miss Leigh is on tour with the revival of G. B. Shaw's play "The Doctor's Dilemma," in which she plays the leading rôle of Mrs. Dubedat. G.B.S.'s own description of his character, Mrs. Dubedat, is, "beyond all demur an arrestingly good-looking young woman," and Vivien Leigh obviously fulfils this perfectly, and gives an admirable performance. David Jagger had the misfortune to lose a number of his paintings when his studio was bombed last year, so is happy to have completed this portrait in the "lull," and to get it sent out of the Metropolis to a place of safety.*

FLEET AIR ARM IN ACTION: "SHIPS WITH WINGS."



An aeroplane flying over the aircraft-carrier. A scene from "Ships with Wings" illustrating Fleet Air Arm activity.

The aircraft-carrier under fire: a tremendous battle sequence from the new Michael Balcon war picture.

Showing the great dam in the distance: a Fleet Air Arm raid on enemy territory.

Smashing the dam so that the enemy Panzer division may be engulfed: the British pilot rams an Italian bomber and releases his load.

Vice-Admiral Weatherby (LESLIE BANKS) *hears news which forces him to attack with the winged artillery of Captain Fairfax* (BASIL SYDNEY).

"SHIPS WITH WINGS," due at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on November 9, shows us the Fleet Air Arm in action. Many of the scenes were taken on board an aircraft-carrier, and officers and men of the Fleet Air Arm co-operated in the thrilling active-service sequences. The controversy over the use of big guns or big 'planes in war provides drama, and the human story deals with love, heroism, treachery and patriotism. One young officer is dismissed the Service for a foolish act which ends in tragedy; but he redeems his name by ramming an Italian bomber and exploding the enemy's bomb-load over the dam, thus releasing floods on the German troops.

Right: JANE BAXTER *as Celia Weatherby, daughter of a Vice-Admiral, and wife of a Fleet Air Arm pilot.*

LOVE AND TREACHERY OF "SHIPS WITH WINGS."

Lieut. Stacey, of the Fleet Air Arm, tells cabaret girl Kay Gordon (ANN TODD) *that he is in love with Celia Weatherby. Kay keeps a stiff upper lip, but is heart-broken.*

Kay lands on the Greek island of Palmos, when she learns that the disgraced Stacey is running the one-machine air-line there. It is just before the outbreak of war.

Fields (FRANK PETTINGELL), *the "Lancashire business man," revealed as a Gestapo agent. He shoots Kay when she tries to warn Stacey of danger.*

ANN TODD plays the important rôle of Kay Gordon in Michael Balcon's new production, "SHIPS WITH WINGS." Kay is in love with Lieut. Stacey, but he falls for Celia Weatherby. After Stacey's disgrace, Celia marries another pilot, David Grant, and Stacey goes to Palmos in the Mediterranean to run a one-machine air-line. Kay appears with Fields and the German pilot, Wagner, and on the outbreak of war is killed by Fields. Stacey obtains valuable information for the British, and when they are short of pilots for the attack on the dam, is allowed to join his old Sub-flight. He loses his life by ramming an Italian, but destroys the dam.

ANN TODD *as the cabaret singer Kay. Miss Todd is the author of the short story "Our Night On," published on another page of this issue.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

IN "I, Too, Have Lived in Arcadia," Mrs. Belloc Lowndes tells how her mother, Bessie Parkes, took a house at La Celle St. Cloud, near Paris, with a friend; and how, contrary to many people's wishes and advice, she married the invalid son of her neighbour, Mme. Belloc. This marriage, which only lasted five years, and the nine summers at St. Cloud which followed it, were, so the author's mother told her, "Arcadian." To judge from Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's narrative, and the original letters she so freely quotes, the epithet was deserved.

I despair of conveying the flavour, the freshness, and spontaneity of the fascinating record which Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has made

The Annual Exhibition (49th) of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, is held this year at Burlington House. Here are MR. FRANK O. SALISBURY, C.V.O., R.P., R.O.I., R.I., MR. MAURICE CODNER, R.P., *and* MR. GEORGE HARCOURT, R.A., *watching the hanging of Mr. Salisbury's portrait of "The Young Airman Author" whose letter to his mother created so much interest a few months ago.*

out of the romance of her mother's marriage. The book is an epithalamium, an ode to marriage, and a pæan in praise of family life; but quite unself-consciously so. No one knew better than Mme. Belloc that marriages are not necessarily made in heaven; over and over again she besought the writer's mother to consider well before she married Louis. Her words were wasted, for Bessie Parkes had fully made up her mind to marry her neighbour's invalid son, made it up, indeed, before he had. At thirty-seven, with a background of good works in England and an unhappy attachment, the memory of which she wished to forget, she was a woman of inflexible determination and patent sincerity. There was nothing in her of the self-deception which writers of to-day are apt to attribute to high-minded and public-spirited Victorians. She was serious-minded and, no doubt, as the granddaughter of Joseph Priestley, she believed in progress; but she was not censorious, or hypocritical, or hard. From her letters it is clear that she had arrived at a degree of self-knowledge that few of us would care to attain to; and though she may have reflected the spirit of her age in believing that self-discipline was an outstanding virtue, she was curiously modern in her view that it was foolish to try and go against one's nature. Often, in her letters, she will refer to her correspondent's "understanding" or "not understanding" her as the factor of chief importance in the matter at issue. She believed in the law of her own being, as well as in the law of the Church. After her husband's death she gave way to a grief which Cardinal Manning considered excessive; and though she accepted his rebuke, she was never quite able to regain her original serenity.

The Franco-Prussian War.

The five years of her married life covered what must have been to someone of her temperament, and situated as she was, a shattering calamity. The Franco-Prussian War struck at her in two ways: first, in general, as a woman whose sympathies through marriage had become half-French; and secondly as a householder to whom her home—its material structure and everything in it—had become inexpressibly dear. Leaving Paris in the last train that started from the capital before the siège, she spent the war in England, and hoped against hope that the châlet at La Celle St. Cloud would be spared; but it was not. The house "looks extraordinary, like some poor creature that has been skinned alive!" Bessie's sister-in-law wrote.

The Author as a Child.

But this irruption of Mars into Arcadia, with its accompaniment of strain and horror, does not destroy the idyllic quality of the book, or cast a lasting gloom over its bright landscape. It breathes that unquestioning confidence in life which we have lost, but which was the heritage of the Victorian Age; and there is a kind of solace, even to ours, in thinking that such a confidence once existed. Not least among the charms of "I, Too, Have Lived in Arcadia" are the appearances of two children, Marie and Hilaire, when they arrive upon the scene. Marie was a gay, delightful infant, interested in everything, a source of interest to everyone, and precociously able to enjoy the good things of life.

I was then two and a half, a lively, cheerful little creature, adored by my grandmother. It was fortunate Bessie knew so little about children, otherwise she would probably have felt disturbed when she heard that my first evening meal had been composed of "two bowls of soup, a sole with a rich sauce . . . a slice of pheasant, and a small bunch of ripe grapes."

How the thought of such a meal makes one's adult mouth water! The little Marie's life, however, was not invariably cloudless. An English nurse was engaged who took exception to many features of her charge's upbringing. "She was the more horrified at there being no proper nursery meals, because we were allowed to eat what we liked of what she considered the rich—though it was really very simple—food." But even this dragon yielded in time to the happy atmosphere of the Belloc household. Households, I should say, for the two establishments at La Celle St. Cloud were inseparably bound together by ties of proximity and affection; and when Mme. Belloc the elder died, in the autumn of 1881—"far the best and noblest human being I have ever known," her daughter-in-law wrote—it meant the end of Arcady for Bessie and her children.

Keep Clear of Love.

"No One Now Will Know" is fiction, a novel written, as it were, backwards, like a detective-story. There are three stages, the first a brief glimpse of Nice in 1939, seen through the eyes of the third generation; the second, in which Callie, child of an unhappy marriage, brought over from Barbados to England to live with her step-cousins, tries to piece together, from hints and half-words, the reason why that marriage was unhappy; and third and longest—both as regards the narrative itself and the time it covers, 1872-1901—the final section, in which grandparents and great-aunts and uncles are young again, and their secret is revealed. Even now it is not revealed quite directly; it is shown in terms of its effect on Kate, a hypersensitive child, whose love for her half-brother, strangely called Lucy, and the girl he married, was so jealous, possessive and overpowering, that it brought her little but unhappiness. Miss Delafield has written many novels in a minor key, and this, though not the most despairing, is ultimately one of the saddest. "Keep clear of love," might be its motto.

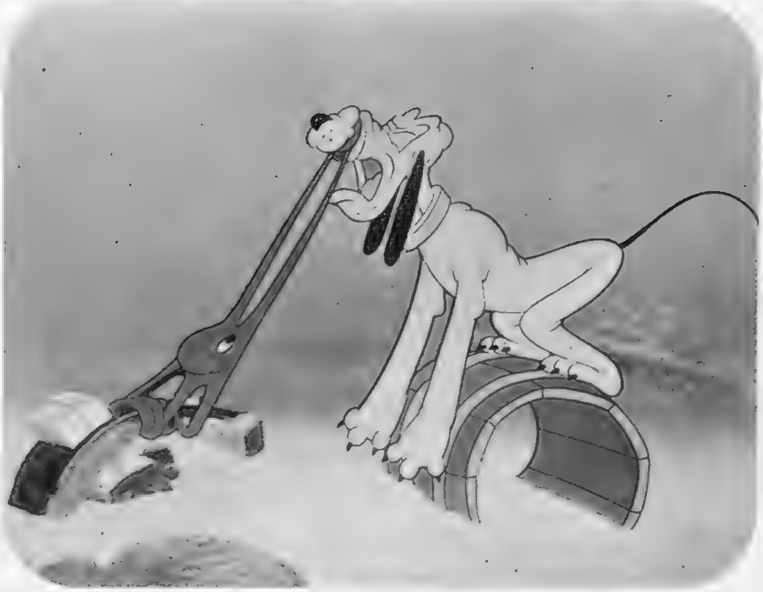
M. MAISKY, *Russian Ambassador in London, was at the opening of an exhibition of Russian war cartoons and photographs which is being held at the Ministry of Information. These arresting cartoons were brought back by Lord Beaverbrook from his Moscow visit, a large number of them having been specially painted by M. Stalin's order as a present to the Minister. The cartoon in the background, reminiscent of the classic "Struwelpeter," is a graphic description of the making of a Gestapo official from boyhood, and shows the joy of his parents over the finished article.*

Halcyon Days.

So long and full a book as this can be looked at from many angles. As a fragment of social history, for one. The two sections belonging to the twentieth century, each ending, or threatening to end, in a world war, bring in the note of insecurity with which we are now so familiar; everything is makeshift and provisional. But, whereas

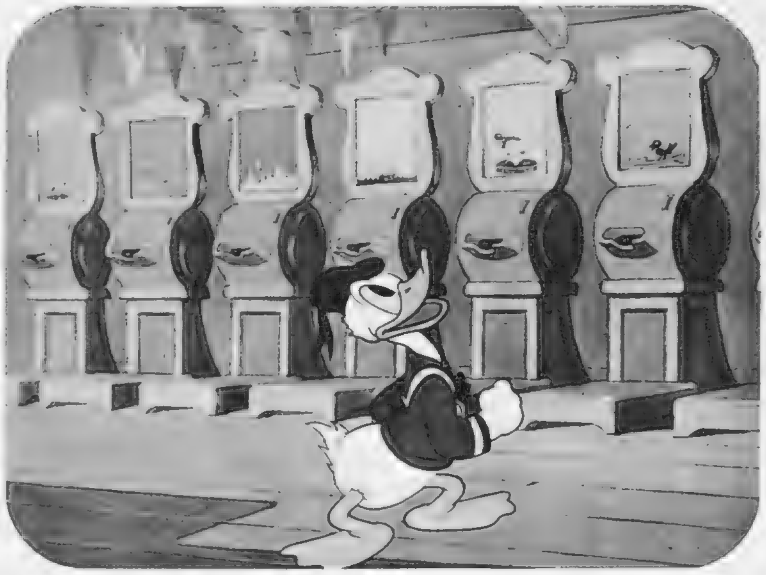
[Continued overleaf.

" PLUTO'S PLAYMATE " is a new Disney short which has recently been showing at the Odeon, Leicester Square. A good time is being had by all on the plage, and Pluto has found a sea-lion friend.



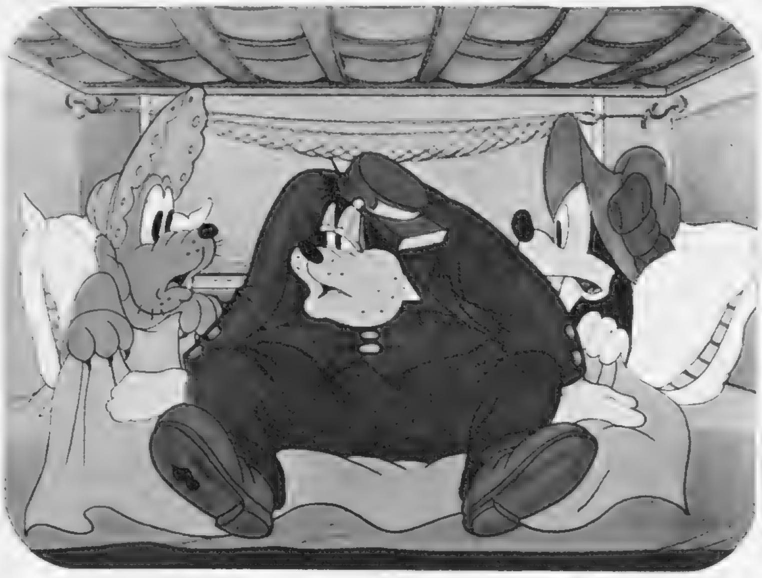
" Pluto's Playmate." Unfortunately, all Pluto's seaside pick-ups are not so amiable as he had hoped. This is a holiday acquaintance with more determination than tact!

" BAGGAGE BUSTER " is a Goofy picture full of unusual episodes. Here Goofy is uneasily investigating a great trunk mystery at a railway station and wondering what he ought to do.



" A GOOD TIME FOR A DIME " is a new Donald Duck short. Observe the irrepressible Donald off on some business of his own, a picture of quacking energy and flat-footed speed.

" A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN," which has been seen at the Odeon, Leicester Square, with " 49th Parallel," features Mickey himself and Pluto, whose skill as an early-morning coffee-pourer amazes even Mickey.



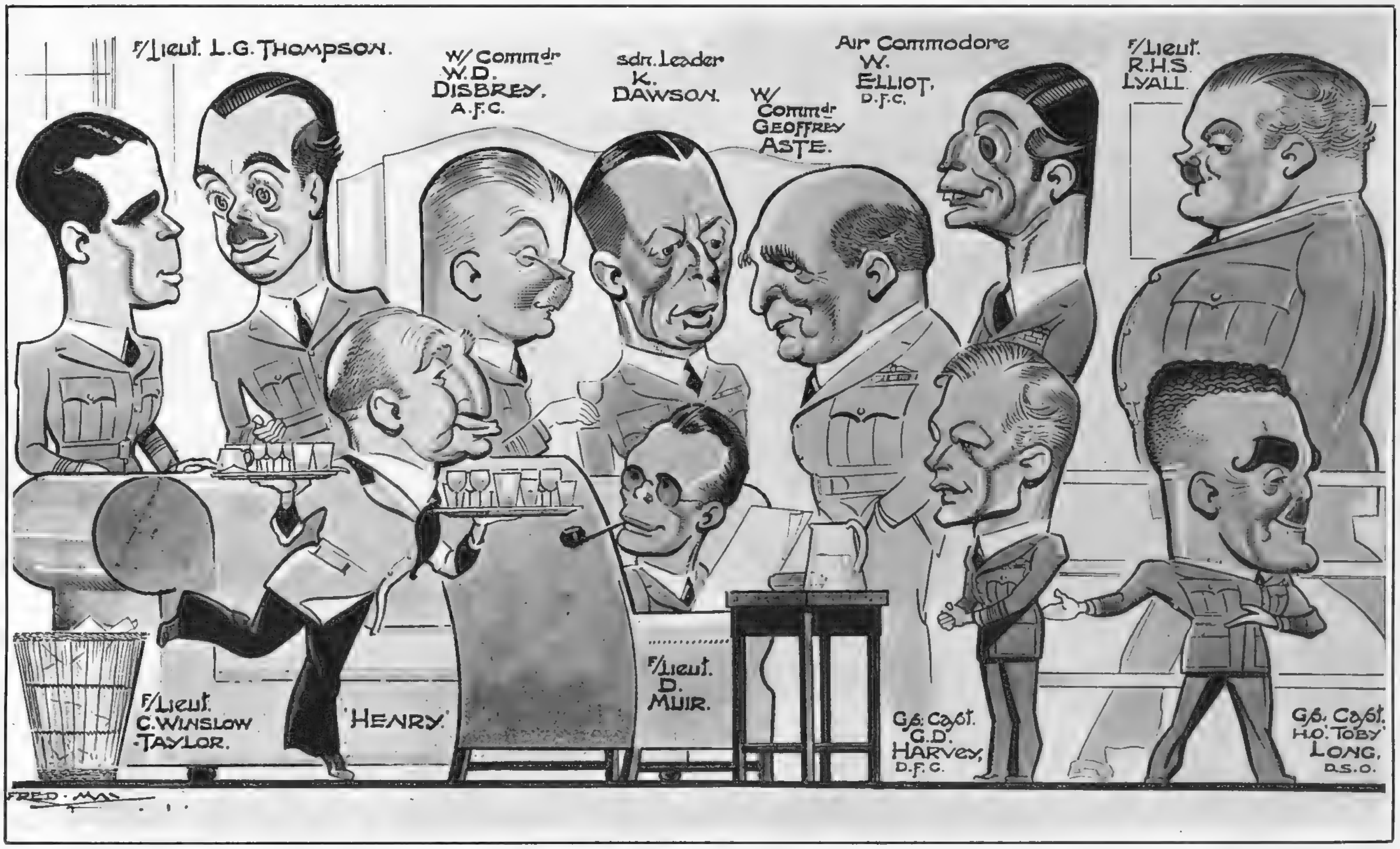
" MR. MOUSE TAKES A TRIP," which has been showing at the Gaumont, Haymarket, with " Citizen Kane," has Mickey and Pluto for its stars. This scene illustrates a spot of bother in a night express.

MICKEY, PLUTO AND CO.—DISNEY LAUGHTER UNLIMITED.

Continued.]

to the young people in the train, their grandparents are but a name, and a name to be made fun of at that, the intermediate generation is still under their influence, still working out the destiny prepared for them by Lucian Lemprière's marriage to Rosalie Meredith. Lucy, as they called him, was a Creole, and like other Creoles, incurably lazy; he fitted well into the leisurely, spacious days of the last three decades of the nineteenth century, with their pony-traps and cricket-matches. Cricket, at which both Lucy and his elder brother, Fred, excelled, sets the tone of this last section of the story. Miss Delafield's descriptions of the game are not always technically quite accurate; she makes Lucy "cut a ball round to leg," and observes, wishful-thinkingly, that the same player "wouldn't be run out, whatever else he was. His long legs covered the ground too swiftly." But though she may be a little shaky over the fine points of the game, her picture of the England where this pastime could still epitomise the sort of life that a great slice of the population loved is evocative and nostalgic.

The story itself is not in the first flight of Miss Delafield's novels. The central situation which should supply the motive-power to the whole book is produced, rather theatrically, like a rabbit out of a hat, and so presented, it is naturally more sensational than convincing. No skeleton in a cupboard could quite come up to expectation when the doors have been rattled and keys tried in the lock for so many pages. I must not give the reader a glimpse of it, but content myself with saying that when it is revealed, the parties concerned do not appear to me to behave very naturally. Nor can I quite believe that jealousy such as Kate's would operate on two objects equally. What *happens* in the story is a little unreal; on the other hand, much of the characterisation, especially among the minor parts, Cecilia, for instance, is Miss Delafield at her best: and that is very good indeed.



Our artist's week's "bag" includes a few SENIOR OFFICERS OF THE FIGHTER BRANCH OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE, *representing Operational, Technical, and Movement duties.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

Revolution in Byzantium.

Nearly every novel that Mr. John Masefield writes is a *tour-de-force*, a study of some unique episode, or freakish turn of fate, which has excited the writer's æsthetic impulse. "Conquer" is such a novel. The subject is the week's revolution which convulsed the city of Byzantium in 532. Indirectly, it was the result of the strong rivalry between two factions, the conservative Greens and the enterprising Blues: enlightened as Justinian was, neither he nor his popular Empress, the renowned Theodora, had been able to make peace between the two, nor, apparently, had he been able to curb the cruel excesses of his chief magistrate, John of Cappadocia, which actually occasioned the outbreak.

> I suppose that in every upheaval of men [comments the narrator, a palace official friendly to Justinian] there is one brief hour of nobility, which we may call the hour (or ten minutes) of consecration, when the end proposed seems only beautiful, and the frightful steps towards the end have neither been begun nor clearly seen in the mind.

Once it got under way, the movement fell into the hands of demagogues and lost its original motives in a frenzy of arson and slaughter.

Mr. Masefield's description of these dreadful scenes is magnificent and would have a still greater impact on the imagination were we not by now only too well acquainted with atrocity stories. And the book is wonderfully well written, in a style somewhat more formal and measured than Mr. Masefield has lately been in the habit of using. I never cease to marvel at the variety, virtuosity, and athleticism of his prose.

English Country Houses.

Miss Sackville-West, too, writes like a poet, and in her monograph on "English Country Houses," in the Britain in Pictures Series, she has a subject very near to her heart. She has undertaken a tremendous task: to trace, in a handful of pages, the development of domestic architecture in England and to illustrate this by descriptions of particular buildings. Literally scores of houses must be mentioned by name, many of them with some brief, vivid impression attached; yet the book does not give the effect of being overweighted or congested, partly because the author has taken pains with its arrangement; but chiefly, I think, because it means so much to her; and, as we know, a mere list of names can become eloquent if it is recited with passion. The main line of demarcation in English domestic architecture she finds in the figure of Inigo Jones. He was our first professional architect; till then, building had been in the hands of builders—"probably a local man with but very little generalised theory of what he was doing." It must be remembered, however, that our cathedrals were built by master-masons, most of whom are anonymous, and the drawback to professional architects is that they, like Vanbrugh, whose work Miss Sackville-West finds "colossal, charmless, graceless," are always under the temptation to break away from tradition and utility in the direction of eccentricity and display. The coloured reproductions in this delightful volume are not quite worthy of the letterpress.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

I, Too, Have Lived in Arcadia. A Record of Love and of Childhood. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (*Macmillan*; 15s.)
No One Now Will Know. By E. M. Delafield. (*Macmillan*; 8s. 6d.)
Conquer. By John Masefield. (*Heinemann*; 6s.)
English Country Houses. By V. Sackville-West. (*Collins*; 3s. 6d.)

The twenty-third of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT *is published in this issue of "The Sketch."*

DEVEEN, *the well-known illusionist, can be always trusted to puzzle his audience.*

JEAN HARLEY *and* GEORGE BARKER, *wireless entertainers, put on an extremely popular turn.*

ELLALINE TERRISS, *wife of Sir Seymour Hicks, opened the show in Cairo.*

ENID LOWE, *starlet from George Black shows, is a great favourite with the troops.*

" The London Varieties of 1941 " gave its first three performances in an outdoor theatre in Cairo.

ALICE DELYSIA, *star of the show, giving one of her popular numbers.*

ALF THOMAS, *Lancashire comedian, bringing North Country humour to the Middle East.*

HARRY ROBBINS, *xylophonist, didn't forget to give the Victory sign during his performance.*

GEORGE HANCOCK, *a Carl Rosa baritone, delighted the troops with his songs.*

THE WESTERN DESERT BLOSSOMS WITH "LONDON• VARIETIES."

AN EXCELLENT programme of vaudeville recently arrived in the Middle East in order to make the desert blossom with entertainment for troops in camp. The show is known as "London Varieties of 1941," and is one of the E.N.S.A. companies of the entertainments branch of the N.A.A.F.I. Alice Delysia tops the bill, and numbers are given by many first-rate artists. The opening three performances were held in an outdoor theatre in Cairo, and the show then went on its Western Desert tour. Lady Hicks (Ellaline Terriss), wife of Sir Seymour Hicks, opened the first performance, and gave selections from West End London successes. Sir Seymour was to have been the *compère*, but owing to illness could not attend the *première*.

OUR NIGHT ON.*

By ANN TODD.

"SSH! Listen!" John stopped eating, fork poised in mid-air. "Is it, or isn't it?" I asked. We waited. My heart started to do odd leaps and jumps. "It *is*," said John firmly. The familiar wail rose to bursting-point, then faded away like Timothy's dying pig.

The telephone rang rather sharply. A voice barked the other end. "Mrs. Campbell?" "Yes, that's me," I murmured. "Sector A speaking. Red light showing. Enemy 'planes crossing the coast. You are on duty."

I leaped from the table and made for the hall—my legs feeling weak and letting me down as usual, when I needed them most. "Oh, *do* finish your sausage, darling, before you go out," John shouted from the dining-room. My beloved husband, being in the R.A.F., is not supposed to Fire Watch. It is silently understood, nevertheless, that if a bomb should drop in Red Rose Lane, *he* puts it out, not *me*. Of course, the Fire Watching Committee don't know this. "I haven't time. *They* may be here any moment," I shouted back. This to impress Nannie and Cook.

I started to dress. First my fur coat. A slight argument always ensues over this. I insist that it must do its war-work by saving me from a fatal chill when on duty, whereas John is emphatically against our only investment being anywhere *near* an incendiary bomb.

Next comes my father-in-law's tin hat, 1914 model. This is a problem. It is difficult to decide whether to wear it on the back of one's head, showing lots of hair, and achieving a certain saucy "Cochran-Young-Lady" look; or flat over one's nose, like a soup-plate, oozing efficiency and an "I-don't-care-*what*-I-look-like" attitude. I always feel apologetic towards that tin hat. It saw Mons and Ypres, and must feel very effeminate protecting a blonde head in Little Wickham.

Then the Wellington boots. These are used by all the family, from Timothy up to Cook, when feeding the hens. They have to be size sevens to fit all.

Next my torch, and my gas-mask—which looks charming in Bond Street, being no bigger than a pin-cushion, and possessing no handle—but rather a handicap when on duty.

Last of all, a notebook and pencil. The A.R.P. Warden insisted on this. No one knows why. Perhaps he has cat's eyes, and thinks we have too.

Nannie, Cook and John fussed round me. "Take great care of yourself. Remember the children." "We will keep your sausage hot." "We haven't decided on the meals for to-morrow. Could you think of a pudding while waiting for the bombs?"

At last, feeling very brave, terribly important and absolutely in the Front Line, I hurried out into the night. The front door closed behind me, and I fell flat over our rose-bed in the dark, and lost two coupons'-worth of stockings.

I groped my way up Red Rose Lane. Not a sound. "Is that you, Campbell?" The nearness of the voice startled my tin hat, which tipped abruptly on to the end of my nose. "Yes," I answered smartly, and switched on my torch. "Put that light out *immediately*!" thundered the voice. "What *are* you thinking of? Enemy 'planes *overhead*!" I apologised, and waited breathlessly for a stick of bombs. Nothing happened. Mr. Plush could be heard calling his cat in to bed. "A lovely night, so peaceful," I volunteered. "Haven't noticed," the voice answered. "Been too busy."

Feeling rather small, I started to grope again. This time towards home. I crawled round the rose-bed and shot into the house. John was sitting by the fire reading "How to Bottle Fruit." "Darling, there is a lull, so I am going upstairs to look at the children. After all, I am a mother as well as a Fire Watcher. There is a very rude woman outside, Angel. I think she is a Warden, or something, but I showed her I know what's what."

I went upstairs and peeped into the night nursery. Pippin was on her back, her thumb wedged between her two teeth. The only thing visible of Timothy was the top of a curly head. The rest was a hump. I longed to wake them, and boast how brave their mother was, but decided, as Nannie would be furious, I would wait until a later date, when Timothy would surely ask me: "What did *you* do in the last war, Mummie?"

10.45 p.m. Resumed my Watch. Nothing happened. My feet ached. I got a certain satisfaction in waking up Mrs. Thistle, next door, for showing a light in the bathroom. She had complained last week that our hens smelled.

Received a definite shock about 11.30 p.m. I discovered that the "Voice" was not the Warden's, but our local "char," who comes in, now and again, "just to oblige."

I made several visits to the house during the waiting hours. John fed me on hot milk and biscuits. Cook and Nannie got together over a cup of tea. John said it reminded him of waiting for Pippin's arrival, only this time we were waiting for a bomb.

I pottered round to look at the hens—and fell over two croquet-hoops. They definitely did *not* smell, but Mabel, our goat, *did*.

1.30 a.m. Started to recite "If" to keep myself awake; but broke off when I found our buckets of water only half-full and the stirrup-pump missing.

2 a.m. Found the stirrup-pump in Timothy's tent. Paid a call on John, who was writing a "Thank-you" letter to Aunt Ethel for a ghastly cow picture received last Christmas, and never acknowledged, now in the garage. He did his best to persuade me that my duty lay in entertaining a hard-worked Air Force officer, but I hugged him and left.

2.30 a.m. Feeling very sleepy. Wish they would come and go away. Started to plan our clothes rations for the winter. Decided that, though I needed a mackintosh, it was less dreary to buy an enchanting bed-jacket. Timothy's shorts must be patched and we could definitely scramble Minnie, Fay and Gladys's eggs for lunch to-morrow and finish up with Mabel's cheese. Self-supporting—most satisfactory.

2.45 a.m. Had just started on "If" again, when the "All Clear" went. By the time it had died away, John and I were undressed and in bed. "On duty again next Friday," I murmured sleepily in John's ear. "It's a bore, and nothing happens, but a cosy feeling that one's *doing* something." I heard my voice fade away.

At 3.15 a.m. precisely the bomb dropped in the middle of Red Rose Lane. Everyone in Little Wickham was on the spot. John, in his pyjamas, put it out. Timothy, Cook and I ran wildly backwards and forwards in our dressing-gowns, with buckets of water.

We are grateful to that little Fire Bomb. Outside the house there is now an honourable scar in the road for all to see.

THE END.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

TO MATILDA

Whenas in steel Matilda goes
Why then, methinks, how bravely flows
The current from her dynamos;

Each quadrant answers to its rack,
Each pintle squirts and snappeth back,
Each plate is perfect in each track;

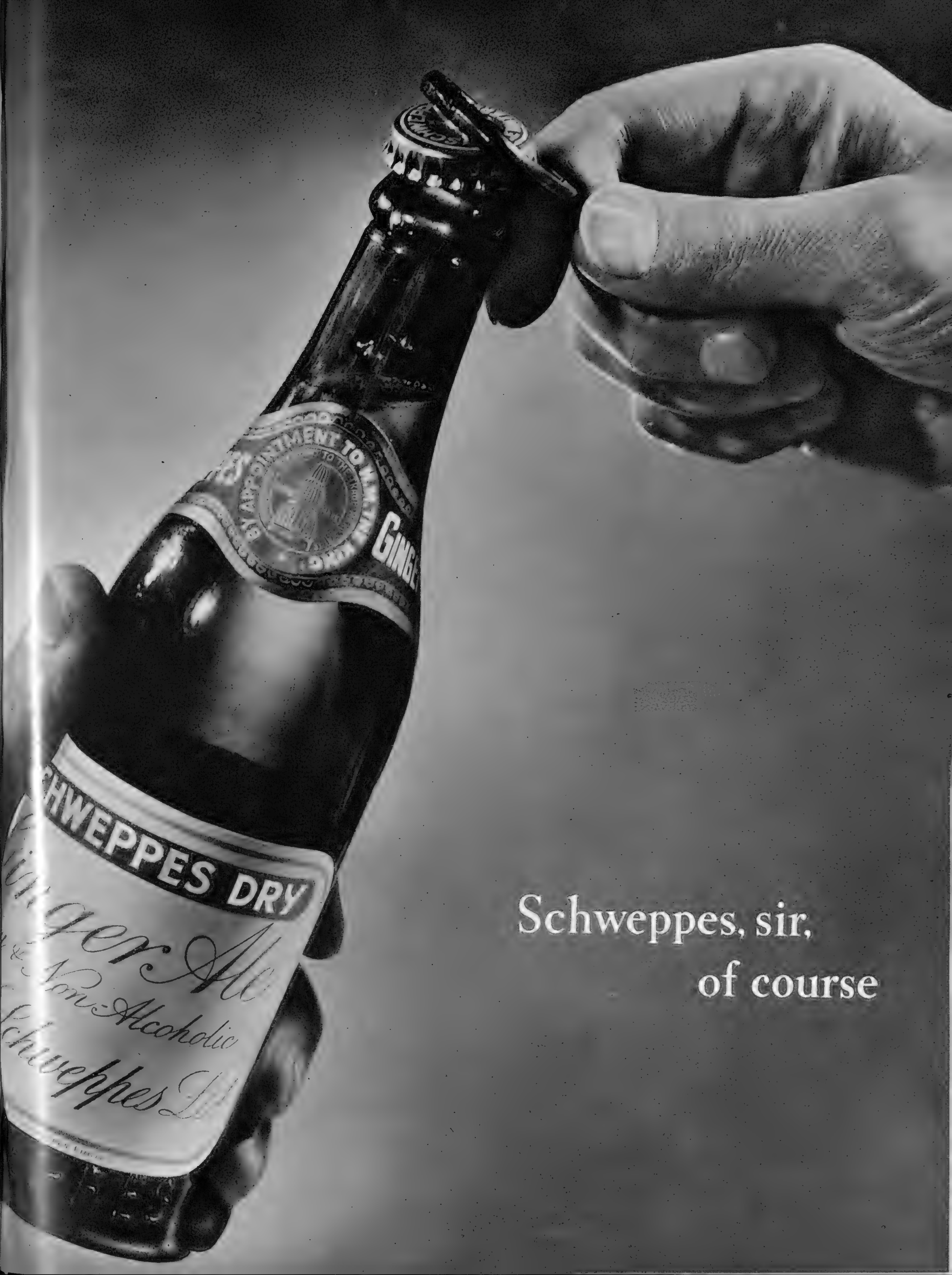
No surface shows a knurl or burr
And though the sun and planets whirr
There're spiders, but no flies, on her;

A trunnion, ratchet, pawl to lock it,
Kerf, cam, cotter, ball and socket,
Dashpot, dowel, chamfer, sprocket—

Here are parts lovelier, I find,
Than lips or eyes or quiet mind
Of overrated womankind:

Beneath the spreading whiffle-tree
I lie and sing the eternal she—
Matilda in her majesty.

M. H.


Schweppes, sir,
of course

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"ANOMALOUS. Inappropriate. Incongruous," the broker was declaring. "Millions of people suffering in one way or another from war conditions, and, on the other hand, we fellows in here——"

His arm swept the Stock Exchange in one comprehensive gesture—

"—falling over one another in a daily struggle to scratch three-farthings on a hundred shares, or to prevent the buying-in of stock that we ought to have delivered months ago. Hopelessly inappropriate, I call it!"

"You pay your taxes, I suppose?" Our Stroller suggested. "And you help to keep the trade of the country going? And you 're making things less difficult for this family, and for that, and for the other?"

"You may possibly be right, but the gamble in Mexican Eagles——"

"And you circularise your clients with particulars of the War borrowing into which they might turn their money?"

"I seem to have heard something like that."

"You don't mind sacrificing brokerage so long as your clients buy the War things for all they 're worth?"

"What on earth are you trying to get at?" demanded the broker suspiciously. "Practising for the Gestapo? Or what?"

"I 'm trying to make it clear that the Stock Exchange, and you, as a member of it, are not so ill-employed as you profess. Besides, it isn't all a matter of scratching about for three-farthings a share."

"Three ha'pence, if we 're lucky," said the partner, running his eye over the notices of the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund. "That 's where I expect my name to be, one of these days," he added sombrely.

"Optimist!" the broker exclaimed. "Considering that we are making enough to keep us just outside the workhouse——"

"The Institootion," his partner corrected. "Just outside the Institootion. I reckon the House has not done too badly during this year. And the public have been supplied with a market in the securities they want to buy or sell. If—oh! here 's the news."

The strident "pips" echoed through the markets. Little groups of men moved nearer the loud-speakers placed in various parts of the House. A few of the waiters descended from their pulpits and stood motionless, hat in hand; others remained seated, but made no attempt, of course, to call members.

The Stock Exchange Manager for the month, stationed by the Capel Court door, judged three minutes to be long enough for the recital. He gave the usual signal; Frank Phillips suddenly ceased; business started up again.

To his surprise, Our Stroller found he had drifted into the Rubber Market.

"It isn't often I get landed over here," he soliloquised. "Shouldn't know where I was if it weren't for these prices."

He studied two of the lists, placed side by side.

"Not a sausage," he overheard a dealer declare. "Haven't dealt a dozen times this morning. And then it 's all 'book': not proper jobbing."

"Funny, isn't it, the dislike that people have to rubber shares. You can get ten or twelve per cent. on your money—more than that from some things—and yet there 's not a ha'porth of public interest."

"People are afraid of Japanese activity in the Pacific, and also of what may happen to the industry after the war. They think the demand for rubber will fall off, and profits shrink wisibly, as Sam Weller's father said."

"Shrink? Shades of Dickens! 'Swell' wisibly, old Tony said about the ladies at the tea-party. Do you remember he called the Bank of England clerks 'Reduced Counsels'?"

"What the dickens to do with my Argentine Railway stocks I don't know," said a puzzled broker. "There 's a decent profit on them. It isn't often I pay attention to newspaper tips. But I was rather taken with the views in a weekly paper about the prospects of world famine after the war——"

"A Sunday paper, was it?"

"No: it must have been a mid-weekly, because I always get my hair cut on a Wednesday. This cove was saying that the world might be faced with starvation after the war, and that the Argentine is about the only country likely to have any surplus grain for world consumption."

"And you bought Argentine Rails on that?"

"I did, Sir. And I put a few clients into them as well, I 'm thankful to say. I mixed other South Americans with the Argentines: Central Uruguay and Entre Rios stocks, for instance."

"The prices have gone back from the best, haven't they?"

"Oh, yes; I 've missed the top brick off the chimney. But there 's still a profit left, and we haven't begun to starve yet. All the same, the scorched-earth policy of the Russians is going to make matters no easier."

"For starvation, my Falstaff, wait until the end of the war. There 's no need to go short of stuff in London just now."

"At that rate, shares like Lyons and other catering companies should be worth picking up."

"I believe they are. Newspaper shares are rising; simply because advertisers find it pays them to put their goods in the shop window."

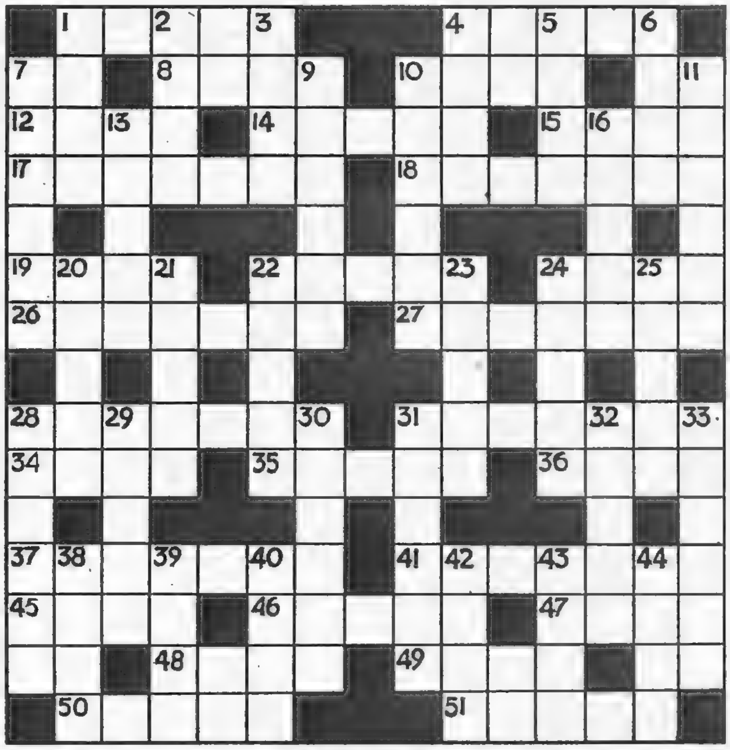
"You can't help wondering," said a dealer, "where all the money comes from. It 's a marvel to me."

"What amazes me," a broker affirmed, "is where all the money goes to. Isn't that a licker to you?"

"Thanks awfully, old chap. Now, do you mean?"

Friday, October 31, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



(N.B.—No clues are given to two-letter spaces.)

ACROSS.

1. Something taken for granted (5).
4. Sad eye-wash these! (5).
8. This guard fights last (4).
10. Frequent No. 29 Down of litigation (4).
12. This circle has ends (4).
14. Led round Ur by guile (5).
15. What we must do on land (4).
17. Hard this but unbeaten (7).
18. Let these be themselves (7).
19. Lout with hopper (4).
22. Glossy from vegetables (5).
24. German river (4).
26. Without remark (7).
27. Canine damage to books (7).
28. "Coin set" (anag.; 7).
31. How sweet! Camel with artist inside (7).
34. Material for idol's feet (4).
35. Triumphal song (5).
36. Key to higher education? (4).
37. What to do with bombed churches (7).
41. No animal but has horns (7).
45. This green will not fade (4).
46. Halifax in India (5).
47. This might be deadly (two words; 1, 3).
48. Whirling religionist? (4).
49. Book of the Bible (4).
50. Requirements (5).
51. Fugitives take to these (5).

DOWN.

1. State (4).
2. Flower girl (4).
3. He may be lame (4).
4. Orderly (4).
5. Highest No. 3 Down voice (4).
6. Lonely swimmer (4).
7. Look (6).
9. In rough style (6).
10. Ducks have such feet! (6).
11. Result 's the result of turning this coat (6).
13. Claret (5).
16. Cosy nook (5).
20. Found on bottles and baggage (5).
21. Song (5).
22. Vessel (5).
23. Ko-ko half ran for the sacred book (5).
24. Attempt (5).
25. Polyglot rhyme with No. 20 Down (5).
28. Important non-player in cricket match (6).
29. Productive of effect (5).
30. Material aid to dinner party (6).
31. Town in Crete (6).
32. Cripples convertible to Moslems (5).
33. Bolt in the Middle East (6).
38. Smooth (4).
39. Symbol of pedigree (4).
40. Clears (4).
42. Measure of length (4).
43. Facility (4).
44. Spinster (4).

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, OCTOBER 22.

ACROSS.—1. Machiavellian. 10. Upstart. 11. Bone-dry. 12. Pantheon. 13. Peanut. 14. Euphony. 17. Harrier. 19. Antonym. 20. Sub rosa. 21. Choirs. 23. Passport. 27. Erratic. 28. Inutile. 29. Timon of Athens.

DOWN.—2. Arson. 3. Heath. 4. Anthony. 5. Elbe. 6. Lunge. 7. Andantino. 8. Purple patches. 9. Oyster patties. 15. Pot pourri. 16. Own. 18. Rub. 20. Stamina. 22. Ration. 24. South. 25. Orion. 26. Echo.

If you are not as fortunate as this *Anglepoise* owner we are sorry

—but these fine lamps are now very scarce

If you have an Anglepoise Lamp, treasure it, as only by hard searching in the shops will you be able to come across another. They are playing their part elsewhere—which explains their scarcity. So we ask for your patience.

A Terry's Anglepoise Lamp is one of the pleasures in store for happier days ahead—with its 1,001 angles, responsive to the lightest finger-touch, throwing its clear shadowless light on the object, book or work *and not in the user's eyes* . . . a lamp well worth waiting for. *Pat. all countries.*

Sole Makers
HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD.
REDDITCH
London, Manchester, Birmingham

TERRY *Anglepoise* LAMP

Facing the world with a one-suit wardrobe

Now that it looks as though the time may come when you'll be facing the world with a one-suit wardrobe—ask your tailor to cut it in Sportex. A suit of this firm-woven Scottish cloth will keep you looking serenely well-turned-out in town or country long after the average suit would be showing serious signs of overwork.

"Have it cut in SPORTEX it'll last as long as mine"

SCOTLAND'S HARDEST WOVEN CLOTH FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY WEAR

WARDONIA BLADES

FOR BETTER SHAVES

SMALL PACKET 1/-
LARGE PACKET 2/6

FIT ALL 3-PEG RAZORS

Plus Purchase Tax. Ask for them at N.A.A.F.I. Canteens

A good shirt to put on before taking off

Summit Shirts for the Services. A choice of sleeve-lengths: good stuff: good style: long life. Prices — Royal Navy, 9/6 upward (white stiff collars 1/- each). Army, 12/6 upward (including two collars to match). R.A.F., 12/6 upward (collars to match from 1/6 each).

AUSTIN REED
OF REGENT STREET

Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Coventry, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Harrogate, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton.

WOMEN IN WARTIME

INDISPENSABLE FASHIONS

FOR THE WINTER WARDROBE

IN CHECK AND PLAIN.

SIMPLE indeed are the lines of the dress on the right from Gorringes (Model Gown Department), Buckingham Palace Road. It is of Glenquhart check, and as may be seen, has the appearance of a coat and skirt: nevertheless, it is a tailored frock whose aspect may be varied by accessories. The sleeves are inset and the scheme is completed with a neat turn-over collar, practical pockets, and a narrow belt. Furthermore, it is an admirable background for furs. In this department there are frocks from £5 15s. 6d. Neither must it be overlooked that a feature is made of youthful and practical maternity frocks. Full particulars and illustrations will be sent on application.

VIYELLA is so well known that it is unnecessary to dwell on its many advantages, except to state that it is a mixture of cotton and wool. The blouse above is reinforced with a pleated jabot to keep it in place. The checked skirt is becomingly pleated.

THE elongated blouse above is of Viyella, and is a study in bottle-green, red and pinky beige check. It is an ideal interchangeable affair, as the practical skirt and blouse may be worn separately or as portrayed.

DECIDEDLY sensible is the three-piece above. It consists of a tweed coat and skirt and Viyella blouse, which is ornamented with pin-tucks. There is no further decoration, hence it may be easily laundered. This is really an immense advantage.

Amazon up to date

Comfortable, hard-wearing, fast coloured and well-tailored, two 'Viyella' or 'Clydella' shirts can do the work of four and still come up smiling from frequent washing.

W.A.A.F. Service Shirt, Air Force blue 'Viyella' (officially approved shade No. 31870), without collars, up to and incl. 14½" neck, 17/10d. 'Viyella' Black Ties, 3/-. Similarly in Air Force blue 'Clydella' 15/10d. Larger sizes extra. Stocked by high-class stores all over the country.

'Viyella' & 'Clydella'
Regd Regd.
SERVICE SHIRTS

WM. HOLLINS & CO. LTD., VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD. DAY & NIGHT WEAR VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM REGISTERED TRADE MARK

C

BUSY STREET

Wearra Shoes are at their very best on "Busy Street." They simply thrive on hard work. They make a man proud of his well-dressed feet, and they don't object in the least to the extra hours of work imposed by A.R.P. or fire-watching.

Made in sizes and half-sizes, each in slim, medium or broad; hence the perfect fitting which ensures the perfect comfort.

Fine quality shoes in three (American-styled) models.

Made in the choicest black or brown leather by British craftsmen.

Wearra
MULTIPLE FITTING
SHOES FOR MEN

H.L.S. says:

Send a postcard for my little book, "Footwear since the World began"; also name of local Wearra stockists, to the makers:

JOHN SHORTLAND LTD.
(Dept. S) Irthlingborough, NORTHAMPTONshire.

WANTED HIGH-CLASS CAMERAS

LEICA, CONTAX, ROLLEIFLEX, ETC.

Also Silent and Talkie Projectors

EXCEPTIONAL PRICES PAID

Write to Mr. MOTTERSHAW

SHEFFIELD PHOTO CO., LTD.

6 NORFOLK ROW (Fargate) SHEFFIELD, I.

Est. over 50 years. Phone: Sheffield 22079

BREAST SUPPORTER

For small figures only, in white fine material, 19/6. White material. For drooping, heavy figures, from 42/6. Loose Breasts, 38/6. Pink Silk or Net Detachable Straps from 52/6 & 58/6. Very low back model, 63/-.

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

Trade Mark. Regd. Design. Patents. Copyright Reserved.

JOUJOU GIVES UPLIFT and SUPPORT to FIRM or LOOSE BREASTS

INGENIOUS DESIGN for AMPUTATION

WITHOUT & WITH NURSE WITH COMFORT

TO PREVENT BREASTS from DRAGGING, COLLAR-BONES from PROTRUDING, MOTHERS MUST WEAR JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER. IT PREVENTS SORENESS, STOOPING, GIVES UPLIFT, RELIEVES PAIN. FOR AMPUTATION. *Prices on application.*

Joujou Breast Supporter with Pad.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste.

Personal fitting when calling or send your order. Free illustrated circular. Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Write or 'Phone Welbeck 1249.

5.11.41

Post free only in U.K. Obtainable only from—Dept. S. 659

"JOUJOU" Co. 32, BAKER STREET LONDON, W.1.

A miracle of loveliness — wrought by a Jamal wave

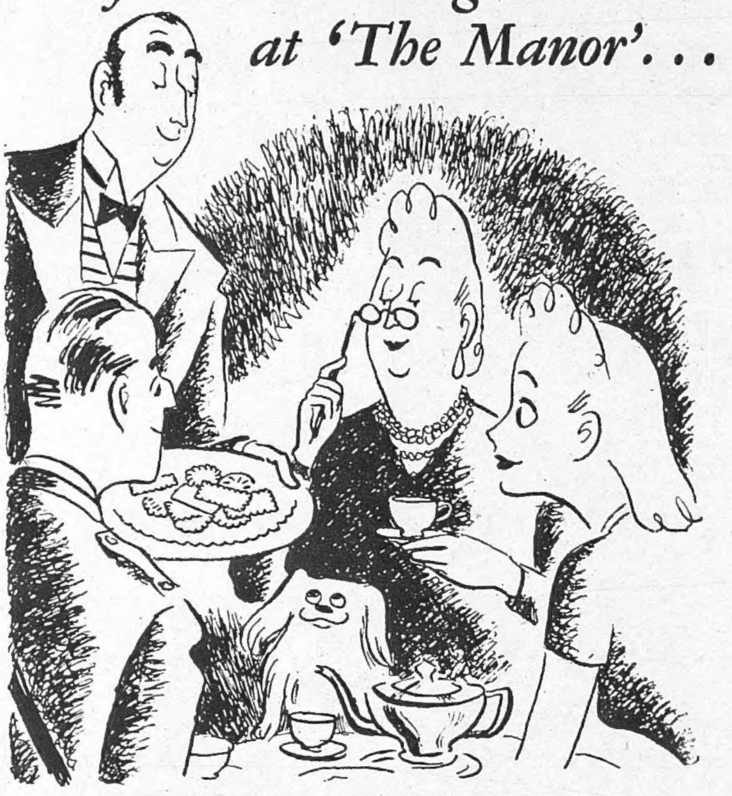
Jamal

the freedom wave

* no wires — no electricity — no machinery

NOTICE.—*The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.*

They're economising at 'The Manor'...



but they're still enjoying the best biscuits—and so can you, by buying

Peek Frean's popular-priced varieties. For instance, there's *Day-by-Day Assorted,* at 1/1d. a lb., *People's Assorted* at 10d. a lb., and *Five O'clock* at 9d. a lb. These are made with the care and attention to quality for which Peek Frean's are famous. Why not try and get some to-day? If you have any difficulty, just keep on trying. It's worth spending a little time to save a good deal of money.

Peek Frean's

BISCUITS ★ FROM AS LITTLE AS 9D A POUND (Controlled Prices)

You'll get more warmth from your FERRANTI Radiant Electric FIRE by keeping the reflector bright

JUST as a clean window gives most light the polished surface of the *reflector* of your Ferranti Fire needs to be kept bright in order to direct the heat rays *across* the room and so provide maximum comfort. A tarnished *reflector* permits the heat to rise to the ceiling, where it tends to create a stuffy atmosphere.

Free Booklet The above is merely one small point covered in a Free Booklet devised to help users of Ferranti Fires during the war scarcity. It also tells you how to keep your Ferranti Fire 100% efficient . . . how to use it most economically all the year round . . . how to replace spare parts, etc. Write for your copy today.

FIRST • FOREMOST • HOTTEST

FERRANTI LTD., Moston, MANCHESTER 10
London Showrooms: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2

FF277

Welcome Always—Keep it Handy

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

P.S. Stocks still available but restricted

KNOWN FOR 25 YEARS AS SPETON

GYNOMIN Brand PRONOUNCED GUY-NO-MIN ANTISEPTIC TABLETS Regd. Trade Mark

ENDORSED BY MEDICAL PROFESSION

British made and British owned exclusively by Coates & Cooper Ltd., Northwood, Middlesex.
Free on request in plain sealed envelope, Brochure S.13.—"Planned Parenthood,"

OF ALL LEADING CHEMISTS

Perfect!

A VANTELLA UNSHRINKABLE COLOUR-FAST **SHIRT** *with a* **VAN HEUSEN** SUPER COMFORT MADE TO MATCH **COLLAR**

FORTFIELD HOTEL SIDMOUTH S. DEVON Standing in its own grounds, overlooking the sea.

Self-contained Suites. Finely appointed Public Rooms. Lift and every modern convenience. H. & C. in all rooms. Fully Licensed. Lock-up Garages.
Resident Manager: Mr. E. G. Russell, Fortfield Hotel, Sidmouth, S. Devon.
Telegrams: Fortfield, Sidmouth Telephone: Sidmouth 39

Keep on buying *Savings Certificates*

15/- becomes 20/6 in ten years' time